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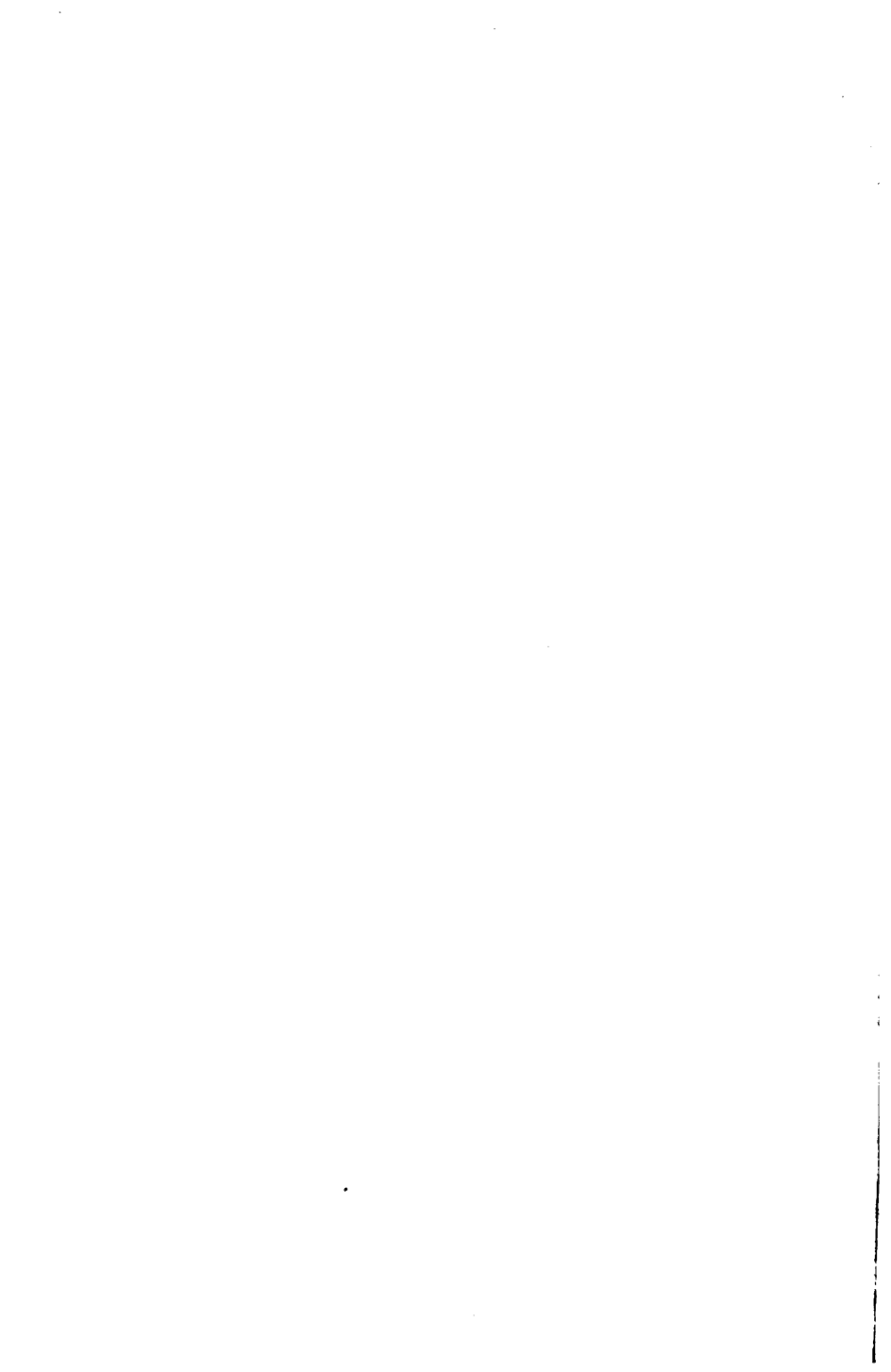


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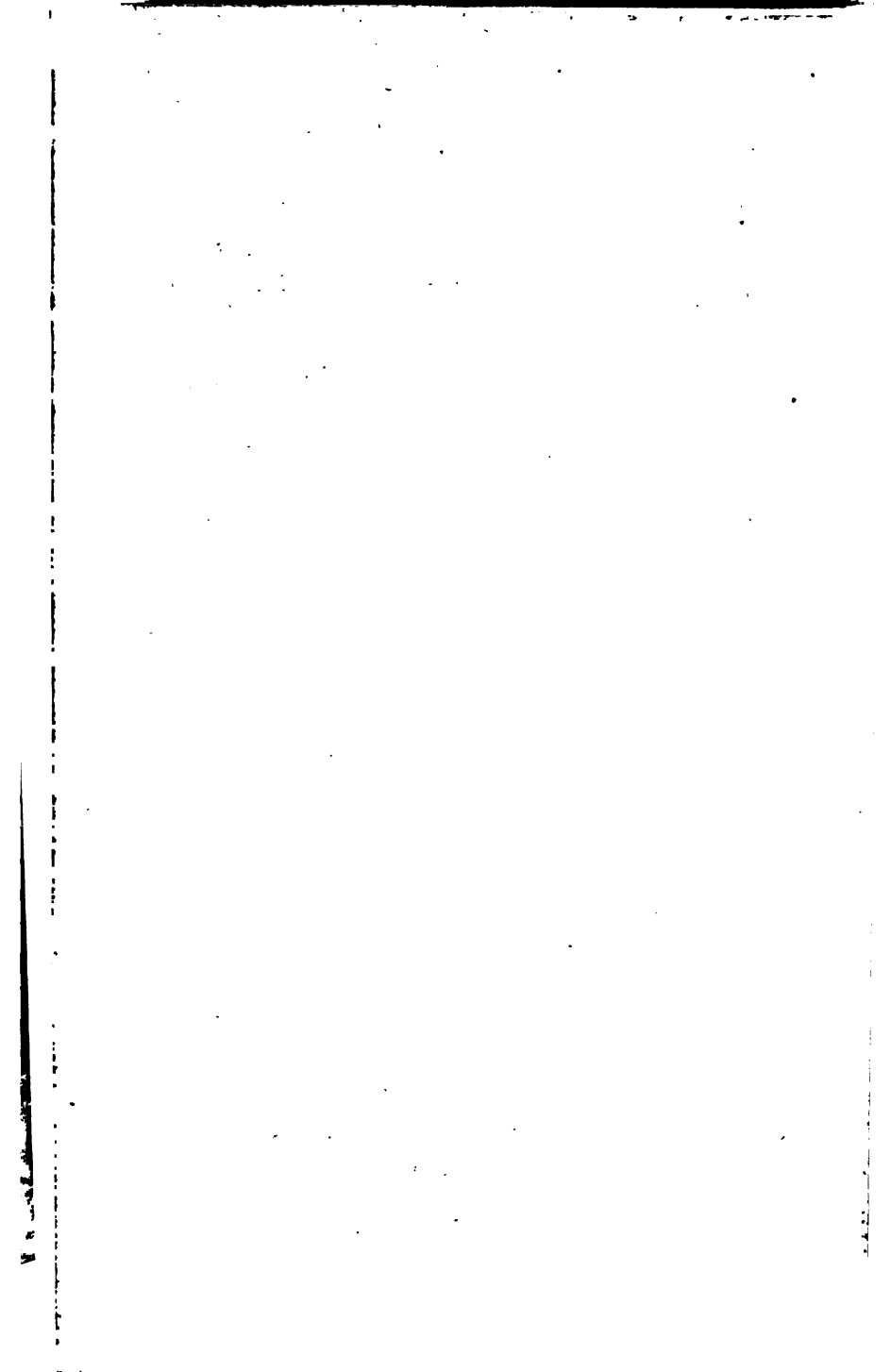


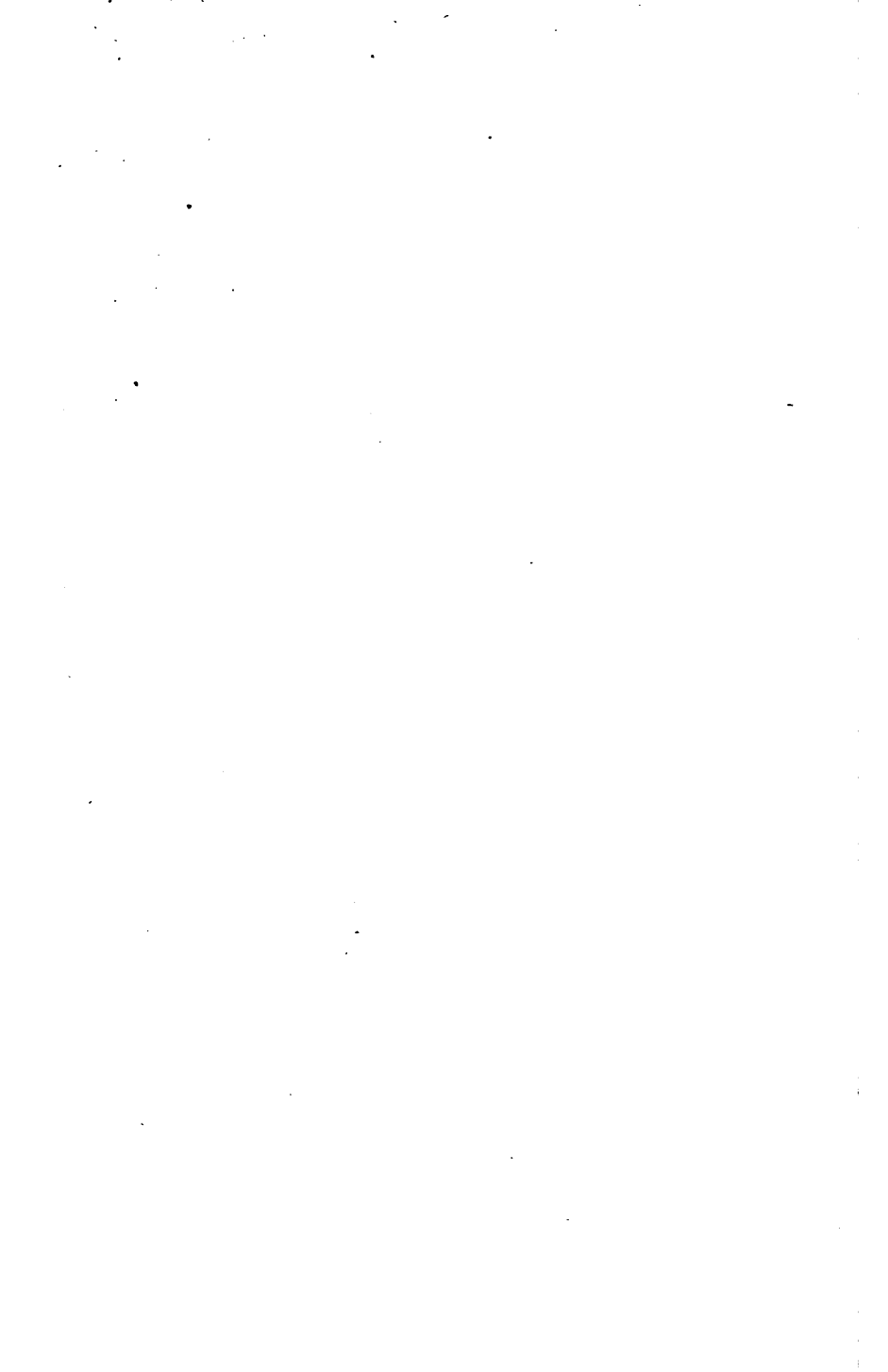






"MISS MOUSE"  
The Little Black Merchant





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*In*  
*Old Alabama*

*Being the Chronicles of Miss Mouse,  
the Little Black Merchant*

*By Anne Hobson*

*Illustrated by  
Carol McPherson*



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*TO MY BROTHER*  
*RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON*





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**How Ole Aun' Crazy Jane Cunjured  
Little Miss Mouse**





## How Ole Aun' Crazy Jane Cunjured Little Miss Mouse

**Y**ASSUM, Mistis, I'se de one dey calls Miss Mouse. I'se de onlies one uv de cullud fokes 'roun bout hyar whut has a entitlement. All ub de res' jis goes by de name uv "Aunty" en "Uncle" lak ole Aun' Dilsy en Unk Tony; but ez fur me, dey ain' no white fokes anywhars 'roun whut don' call me Miss Mouse. Lawd, naw! Dat dey ain'.

Bless yo' so'l! Ever time dey sees me on de street, don' keer who's wid 'em, dey holler outright soshuble, "Hoddy, Miss Mouse!" jis ez specful ez ef I wuz a white lady stid uv a cullud un. En I'se allers mighty pleased wid de white fokes 'tenshun, en I allers drap my curtsy lak dey taught me ter do whin I wuz a young gal en libbed in Fred'icsbug, Ferginny, 'fo I come out to Alabama en gun to mixin' wid all er dese common niggers.

But whinebber any uv dem bad white chillun whut ain' got no manners en don' know how to be 'specful ter dey alders, comes along en

hollers out sorter impertent lak: "Hello, Miss Mouse! Hello, Miss Mouse! How's de cheese in yer trap?" I hollers back loud en sassy ez you please: "Putty well, Miss Rat; putty well. En how's de cawn in yo' bawn? All rotton, I 'specs. Haw, haw, haw!"

En you jis orter see dem chillun laff, but dat's ernuff fur 'em fur one time, en dey ain' got nuthin' mo' to say to Miss Mouse on dat subjec'.

How come I wuz call Miss Mouse? Tell you all about it, en about my ole Man Shed? Wal I does feel in a sort uv talkin' yumer today.

Ef you'll jis wait a minnit 'twell I c'n fill my ole cawn-cob pipe wid some ov dat fresh rabbit terbaccer jis pulled out'n de fiel', en 'twell I c'n jis tech it off wid a hot coal, I gwine tell you all about it.

Wal, you see, hit wuz jis dis 'er way.

I wuz a mighty neat en trim young gal; but whin I wuz about ha'f grown I wuz cunjered, en arter de ole cunjer 'ooman put dat spell on me I nebber did grow no mo'.

How come I to be cunjered wuz dat I see ole Aun' Crazy Jane, dat wuz de cunjer 'ooman, cropin' 'roun to de coop whar dey usen to fatten de tuckies, one night whin de moon wuz still in de dark, en you couldn' see nuthin' but de stars a-winkin' at one nudder up dar in de sky. De

way I come to know hit wuz Aun' Crazy Jane wuz, dat whin she walk she allers drag her lef hine laig, en dat 'ud allers make a cuisome soun' in de leabes; en 'count uv Aun' Crazy Jane's wuck'n ebul spells on 'em we allers tried to prevent any accerdents by cyarin' 'er up a nice fat pullet ev'y now en den.

Dat would pacerfy 'er for awhile, en den we'd hab to cyar 'er sump'n else.

Wal, jis ez she wuz liftin' de latch, I hyar ole Nero gin to growl low under de steps. Den he shake hissself en creeps up, mighty caushus lak, to'ards de tucky house.

Dogs allers scents cunjer, en dey's mighty fyeard uv it. Whinebber you sees 'em brislin' up unaisy lak whin dar don' seem to be no cause, hit's a sho sign dat dar's a snake doctor or a cunjer 'ooman or a cunjer man aroun' some-whars.

Aun' Crazy Jane wuz so bizzy a wuckin' 'er cunjer on dem tuckies, speshully dat large gobbler whut she'd done guthered in 'er orms to tek home to wuk de spell on, en wuz payin' so much 'tenshun to tyin' a twine string tight aroun 'is naik to keep 'im fum gobblin', dat she ain' nebber hyeard Nero twell he wuz right up on 'er.

Lawd! I nebber will fergit de mizry en

de torment uv dat night. Aun' Crazy Jane, whin she hyeard me a-hollerin' out, wuz so stonished dat she drap dat ax, en wuz gittin ready to vanish away in de air, kase she wuz fyeard uv de noise sturbin' de white fokes' res'. Nero hed done stuck 'is tail under 'is laigs en slunk erway fas' ez he could, he wuz so glad to git free. He hed done hed ernuff uv dat 'counter wid Aun' Crazy Jane; en dat ax hed nigh bout skyeard de senses out'n 'im.

Ef it hedn' er been fur me bein' sich a big moufed blubberer, I nebber would er been cunjured. Dar I wuz, layin' flat er my back, helpless ez a new-bawn babe, en jis a snickerin' en a-goin' on lak somebody wuz a-killin' uv me.

I wuz dat skyeard dat I hed done git right foolish, en ev'y now en den right in de midst uv cryin' en callin' on de Lawd I would 'gin to laff en shake all ober at nuthin 'tall.

Aun' Crazy Jane stop a minute en put up her guffer yeah en lissen. Den I see 'er start ober my way, en I wuz so smuthercated dat I stop off right shawt, en I felt lak I wuz froze stiff.

I couldn' move, en I couldn' mek a soun'. I jis laid dar en felt ev'y minute dat I wuz gwine be struck daid.

Whin Aun' Crazy Jane see how things hed



**“Aun’ Crazy Jane stop a minute en put up her guffer year en lissen ”**



done quiet down, she stop a minute lak she wuz studdyin' which way to go to see whar dat hollerin' come fum.

Whin I see 'er stop en tu'n 'roun, my senses sorter come back to me, en I lay on my stum-mick en slid under de house en scramble into a bar'l uv feathers whut wuz a-layin' on de groun'. I stayed dar right still hopin' dat she wouldn' fine me, en would go on off whilst de stars wuz still shinin' en she could see to saddle up dose debble's hosses whut she allers went ridin' on uv nights; but she hed 'er guffer year up, en 'er secon' sight on dat night. She could hyar ev'y soun' on de whole plantation, en she could see ev'ything fur miles off, en she could see th'ou de groun, en th'ou iron, en th'ou wood, en she could scent anything a fur ways off, fum a pole-cat to a billy goat. En she could hyar ev'ything whut went on in de water mongst de fishes, en in de air mongst de birds, en in de yearth mongst de worrums, en in de woods mongst de beastes en varmints, en I knowed dar wan' no chance fur me.

Purty soon I felt 'er han' feelin' roun' on de groun' close to de bar'l, en in a minute she hed me.

Lawd, I wuz so skyeart I couldn' holler,



kase I didn' know whut she wuz gwine do to me.

Wal, she drug de bar'l out fum under de house en she roll it ober en ober wid me en de feathers still in 't. Lawd! sech a sneezin' ez I sot up wid 'em gittin' all up my nose en down my th'oat, en in my years, dat Aun' Crazy Jane hed to stop dat 'musement, kase she nebber wuz no belieber in mekin' noises at night whin she wuz 'roun wuckin' her spells.

Whin she stop de bar'l right still, she caught holt er me en pulled me out en strech me out on de groun', en she pin my han's down, en my feet down, en tu'n my haid up, en shot my eyes tight. Den she commenced to wuckin' 'er chawm.

I prayed to Gawd, but I knowd 'twan' no use, kase I knowd she had 'gun to conjer me, en I gun to feelin' it wuckin' all throu' my bones. I could skeersly hyear all uv dem onairthly soun's whut she wuz makin', but she kep on wavin' 'er han's roun' en roun' my haid, en moanin' en goin' on twell I gun to feelin' lak Jedgmen' day hed kotch me en I wan' ready to meet it.

Den all on a sudd'n she stop right still. Den she tuck a long step en stept right ober me, en sed: "You's done cunjured now, en you ain'

## HOW CRAZY JANE CUNJURED 9

gwine grow no mo', en whin you dies I gwine tu'n you into a rat en mak you allers go haungry."

Lawd ! Lawd ! Dat sho wuz a terrible night; en I ain' nebber growd a eench sence.

I don' know how 'twuz, kase I nebber tole a so'l 'bout Ole Aun' Crazy Jane a-gittin' me en cunjerin' me, en nobody on de place nebber knowed whut she sed she wuz gwine tu'n me into; but 'twan' no time fo' dey all say dat I wuz changin' mightily, en my young mistis say one day: "Judy, I think I'll call you Miss Mouse, kase you is so little en black. You remin's me uv one uv dese little mices whut runs aroun' at night."

Lawdy mussy, whin she say dat I felt dat de jedgmen' uv Gawd wuz on me, dat Aun' Crazy Jane's cunjer wuz wuckin' fas'.

Fum dat day on dey call me "Mouse" in de house; de niggers 'gun to tek it up in de kitchen, en 'twan' long fo' dat wuz all de name I hed. I allers went by dat entitlement fum dat day to dis.

My name fo' I wuz cunjered wuz "Ole Ferginny Beauty-Spot-Alabama-Tech-me-not Thursd'y Frid'y Sadd'y Sund'y Anne Mariah Jane," en dey called me Judy fur shawt.

De wuss part uv it wuz dat she say whin she tu'ns me into a rat dat I'se gwine always be

haungry, en hit seems lak dat part uv de spell hed 'gun to wuck 'fo I wuz changed to a rat, kase arter dat night hit seemed lak dar wan' nuthin' dat could satisfy me, en de mo' I would eat de mo' I'd want to eat. I ain' nebber got ernuff ter eat in my life dat I remembers.

I think it's mighty hard on a po' ole nigger whut ain' nebber done no horm to hev to go haungry in dis worl' en in de naix one, too.

Fokes use to say dat I et so much dat hit wuz a 'zease, en dat my insides wuz too big fer my body; but I knowed dat dey didn't know nuthin' 'tall about it, en dat it wan' nuthin' but Aun' Crazy Jane's cunjer wuckin'. Dar nebber wuz sich a cunjer 'ooman hyeard tell on ez Aun' Crazy Jane.

Dar wan' nuthin' dat she couldn' do, en ev'y-thing en ev'ybody on de place wuz a fyeard uv 'er. Whinebber she'd come aroun', sech a cawin' en a grumblin' ez 'ud go on in de trees 'mongst de jaybirds en de yuthers you nebber hyeard in yo' life.

Dey hed a right to be fyeard uv 'er, kase ev'y Friday she could look down in hell en see de fire whut de jaybirds wuz a kindlin' fer to bu'n up all de cunjer in de worl'. She would wait 'twell de sun went down, en de bell sounded fer all de jaybirds to go back up on de

yearth, en den she would spit on de fire en put it out, en de jaybirds would hev to come back naix Friday en buil' it up agin.

Ev'y time dey so stonished en put out, wond'rin' whut hed made dat fire go out whut dey hed brought de sticks all de way fum de yearth to buil'; en ev'y time dey buil' it en go away, de same thing happen.

Dat's de reason dat all de jaybirds has to go to hell ev'y Friday en cyar a twig.

Dis am de Gawd's truff, kase Aun' Crazy Jane done tole me so hersef. Dis sher trouble uv de jaybirds ain' nebber gwine een, kase Aun' Crazy Jane wuz bawn 'fo' de yearth wuz made, en she ain' nebber gwine die. Eben arter de worl' is done blowed up, Aun' Crazy Jane is still gwine be libbin' en flyin' 'roun in de air cunjerin' de sperrits whut gits in 'er way.

She done tole me dis hersef. She say dat arter de jaybirds is done daid en bu'nt up, dat dey sperrits is still gwine hev to light dat fire on Friday, en dat she's allers got to be on han' to spit on't en put it out, kase ef she didn', wid all uv de fires whut dey's done kindled, en all uv dat bresh en dry trash whut dey's done brought down fum de yearth, ef a fire should start sho nuff, widout anybody dar to squelch it, hit 'ud be sich a big 'un dat hit 'ud bu'n up

hell itse'f, 'twouldn' be long 'fo' hebb'n would ketch, en de whole yunnerverse would be sot on fire en bu'n'd up by dem fool jaybirds.

She say de Lawd gits her to keep a watch on de jaybirds to keep 'em fum bun'in' up hell en hebben, kase ef dey did He wouldn' hab no-whars to put de bad fokes to keep 'em fum de good uns.

Dat's de reason dat she ain' nebber gwine die. De Lawd can't 'ford to do widout 'er, kase His house mou't ketch a fire any Friday widout 'is knowin' it.

Aun' Crazy Jane useter sing some uv de quares' songs I ebber hyeard. One uv em wuz erbout a little boy name Simon whut went a-feeshin'. Sometimes whin de white chillun would be good to 'er en gib 'er things, she would sing it to 'em, en it allers seem to please 'em mightily kase dey all want ez fyeard un 'er ez we-all cullud chillun.

She uster begin by sayin': "Dar wuz onct a little boy name Simon whut went to feeshin'. He feeshed all day en didn' git a nibble. He went to sleep on de ribber bank, en den he pull at 'is pole en hyear a little feesh singin' to 'im—

"Now pull me out, Simon,  
Now pull me out now,  
Now pull me out, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"Simon pulled 'im out, en hit wuz a  
right good size pyearch. Den de singin'  
begun ergin.

"Now take me home, Simon,  
Now take me home now,  
Now take me home, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon took 'im home.

"Now wash me clean, Simon,  
Now wash me clean now,  
Now wash me clean Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon washed 'im clean.

"Now take off de scales, Simon,  
Now take off de scales now,  
Now take off de scales, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon took off de scales.

"Now put on de fryin' pan, Simon,  
Now put on de fryin' pan now,  
Now put on de fryin' pan, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon put on de fryin' pan.

"Now fry me brown, Simon,  
Now fry me brown now,  
Now fry me brown, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon fried 'im brown.

"Now eat me up, Simon,  
Now eat me up now,  
Now eat me up, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon et 'im up.

"Now lay on de ribber bank, Simon,  
Now lay on de ribber bank now,  
Now lay on de ribber bank, Simon,  
Ev'y little once en awhile.

"En Simon lay on de ribber bank lak he tole  
'im en de little feesh jumped out uv 'is mouf  
back into de ribber, en whin Simon woke up

he wuz so hawngry en empty he didn't know whut to do.

"Do he tried many a time arter dat, he nebber could ketch dat feesh ergin, kase he didn't hab no better sense den to lay on de ribber bank en let 'im jump back into de ribber. De little feesh hed too much se'f-respec' to soshiate wid sich a fool ez dat little nigger boy Simon.

"Some niggers is so foolish dey ain' wuth cunjerin'."

Wid dat Aun' Crazy Jane would go on off, en nobody couldn' mek 'er say nuthin' else, do all de chillun would beg 'er to sing it ergin, jis once mo'. She would tell 'em she wan' stud'n bout 'em, en dey knowed 'twan no use to beg 'er no mo'.

Yassum, Aun' Crazy Jane wuz a mighty pow'rful cunjer 'ooman. Dar ain' no 'sputin' uv dat fac', ez de jaybirds kin tell you, en dat's de reason dat I wuz stunted en didn' grow no mo' arter she stept ober me, en dey called me Miss Mouse. Hit's mighty bad luck fur anybody to step ober a growin' chile, much less a cunjer 'ooman, en jis ez sho ez anybody duz dat chile won' grow no mo'.

Dat's all dar is about it, Mistis. Ev'y word I done tell you is de gorspel truff. Aun' Crazy Jane would tell you so hersef, en I lak



to see de pusson dat 'ud 'spute wid dat ole  
cunjer 'ooman.

Now you needn' ax me no mo' questchuns,  
kase I ain' gwine say a word mo', en you'll  
hev ter come agin whin I'm in a talkin' yumer  
ef you wants to hyar bout my Ole Man Shed.

**How Ole Man Shed en de Dogs Treed  
Little Miss Mouse**



## HOW OLE MAN SHED EN DE DOGS TREED LITTLE MISS MOUSE

SAY you wan' me to tell you 'bout ole man Shed en de dogs? Wal, honey, who dat done tole you dat ole man Shed hed any dogs? But, Lawzy mussy! Ev'ybody knowd Shed en he dogs. Dey wuz monst'ous promernent citerzuns in dish sher 'munerty, en dey allers made a repertation wharebber dey wen'. Norm, Shed wan' no Ferginny nigger. Dat he wan'; wan' nuthin' 'tall but dish sher common Alabama stock. Lawd bless yo' sole! In Ferginny dat ole nigger man wouldn' er bin fit fer me to wipe my foot on, fer all dat I hed been cunjered, en wan' no size to speak on. Arter de war come on en all uv us qual'ty hed done loss us prop'ty en done lef' us homes en us white fokes, en hed done been sot free, I didn' hab no better sense den to hi' myse'f to a white man to come out to Alabam en wuk fer 'im. Wal, hit nebber did seem de same arter I lef' de Ole State. Dat low down po' white man atcherly hed de impertence to wan' to put me to wuk in de fiel' wid de com-

mon fiel' han' niggers; but I tell 'im "Naw sirree, dat wan' my style, dat I wuz riz to wuck in de house en lib wid de white fokes, dat I hedn' nebber been use to soshat'n wid fiel' niggers; en dat I spec' he'd better git 'im ernuther ooman, kase I hed done change my mine. I wuz free, en I jis thought I'd 'joy my freedom a little 'fo' I settle down to wuck. Dat man! he wuz sho mad! I thought he would nigh 'bout bus' op'n he 'gun to gittin' so red in de face en to usin' sich a string er cuss wuds ez would er stretch clean roun' de plantation. But he wan' nuthin' but a oberseer nohow, whut jis tried to ac' big en bossified aroun' de niggers, thinkin' it 'ud mek 'em respec' 'im; but do dey all ac' mighty saf' aroun' 'im en ten lak dey gwine do jis lak he say, dey'd git behine 'is back en mawk 'im en take 'im off, jis lak 'twuz him fur de worl'.

Wal, whin I tell 'im I gwine leab 'im, he say I better not dare do no sich uv a thing, or he'd beat me to def. Whin he say dat, I got beside myse'f, wid de ijee uv anybody but my ole mistis a-strakin' me a lick, much less a low common oberseer, en ef I wan' no bigger'n a mouse, I sho did talk big to 'im dat day. I jis sassed 'im back lak he wuz a nigger. "Yas, you will, will you!" I say to

'im, "you'll beat me to def I reckon. Now I jis dare you to do it. I jis double dare you to do it. Ef you come a eench nearer en dare to put yo' han's on me, I'll hab de law on you, ef de Lawd'll spar' me; but I ain' gwine wait fer dat, you jis try me now! I'll knock ev'y rott'n toof out'n dat lyin', cussin' mouf er yo'n, en ef I don' claw you en rip ev'y eench uv yo' skin fum een to een en pull out ev'y hair on top uv dat ball cokanut, en bite ev'y finger off'n dem thievin' han's uv a cheatin' dog oberseer whut 'ud steal de money off'n a daid man's eye, my name ain' Alabama Tech-me-not Ole Ferginny Beauty Spot Melissa Anne." Wid dat I poke out my tongue at 'im, en I kick out my feet en tell 'im to kiss my foot, en I tuck off down de big road runnin' fas' ez my feets could cyar me, kase I knowd my welcome wuz sho wo' out on dat place, en do I wuz talkin' so big, I wuz mighty skeart uv dat oberseer. Arter I hed done call 'im all dem names, I 'gun to feel sorter shame face thinkin' whut would my Mistis er thought ef she'd er hyeard 'em, kase I knowd dat lang'age wan' becomin' to a lady; but de Lawd he'p me! Dat white man tu'nt me all wrong side out en made me clean fergit myse'f whin he 'gun to talk bout hitt'n me, en I b'liebe ef dar'd er

been a ax or anything handy, I'd er kilt 'im sho.

Wal I run, en I run, en I run, twell my tongue wuz hangin' out 'en I wuz tired ernuff to drap in my tracks. I jis tuck long ernuff to res' a little en to guther a few berries to eat, en den I lit out ergin. Lawd, but dat sho wuz a race dat I run dat day! Hit wuz equ'l to de hebbently race dat we all is got to run, ef we wants to go to hebben whin we die en not hab nuthin' to do but pick on silber banjoes en play on gole juice harps. Wal, suh, I run so hard, en I run so fas', en I run so long, dat by de time night come on I hed done run mos' 'roun' de worl', all through Miss'ippi en Fluridy, en hed done come out on de yuther side uv Alabama, way off in ernudder part uv de State, en dar I wuz plum wo' out, en dat haungry en empty, dat I wuz jis on de pint uv swivlin' up en blowin' away, whin de Lawd saunt a raben into de wilderness to feed me.

I look up de road en I see a sight whut I nebber will furgit. Hyar come a ole man wid two laigs, en one uv 'em longer 'n de yuther, down de road, en a gret high cretch whut he wuz leanin' on en hobblin' wid, en all aroun' 'im, in front, en on de side, en follerin' long behine, a barkin' en yelpin' lak dey wuz ev'y

one goin' mad, wuz mo' dogs den I hed ebber laid eyes on afo'. Dar wuz yaller dogs, en spotted dogs, en black dogs. Dar wuz houn' dogs, en dem lean, haungry-lookin' pinters, en cur dogs, en bulldogs, en dem little fice dogs, en rat terriers, en a whole passul mo' dat I nebber could larn de names on. En dar wan' a single one uv dem dogs but wuz so po' dat ev'y blessed rib en bone in 'is body didn't show.

Mussiful Father! but dat wuz sho one mo' sight.

All er dem dogs, en Ole Man Shed a hobblin' down de road jis ez lean an haungry-lookin' ez de po'es' dog in de lot.

So he come along, en whin he git a little closer I seed he hed a ham bone in his lef' han' en a hoe cake mos' ez big ez a full moon, en ev'y now end en he'd stop en tek a bite uv hoe cake en den lick de ham bone, en gnaw at it. Den I knowed whut 'twuz dat hed nigh bout run dem dogs crazy, en whut 'twuz dat made 'em bark en wag dey tails en car'y on so. But Lawd! Shed ain' payin' no 'tention to dey beggin'; nebber eben flung 'em a crus' uv dat hoe cake. Whenebber I thinks er dat sight I laffs to dis day. Haw! haw! haw! haw!



Ole Man Shed a standin' dar in de big road wid de cretch in his right han', en holdin' de ham bone en hoe cake in 'is lef' han'—stan'in' dar lickin' en eatin', en all er dem dogs runnin' en jumpin' all aroun' 'im, en howlin' wussen niggers at a camp-meet'n. Haw! haw! haw! 'Twuz jis ez good ez dem cawnsarts whut dey has arter de circus is ober, en charges a dime extry to stay to. Wal, fur all it wuz so funny, hit made my mouf water lak a runnin' branch to see dat hoe cake en smell dat ham bone. I sho did begredge dat ole man whin I see 'im smack'n 'is lips en habin' sich a good time wid dat bone. Right den I made up my mine I wuz gwine hab a lick at dat ham bone en a whack at dat hoe cake. I hed been settin' down 'hind some bushes on de roadside en Shed hed'n seed me yit. So I gits up en shakes out my frock, en smoothes my haid handcher, en primps myse'f to look my bes', kase I knowd dat wuz de bes' way to ketch a man's eye. I hed done hed plenty uv sperunce wid de men fokes in Ferginny en I knowd how to wuck 'em. So I puts on my bes' Sund'y smile, en I walks up todes 'im sorter switchin' jis ernuff to trac' 'is 'tention en mek 'im think dat dat wuz a mighty stylish nigger a-comin' up to 'im. Whin I gits mos' to 'im, I draps a

deep curtsy lak I use to mek to de white fokes en I looks up at 'im en says: "Good-mawnin', Mister. Is you de preacher?"

Wal, Lawd! Haw! haw! you nebber seed a nigger grin lak Ole Shed did whin I say dat. Hit nigh 'bout tickle 'im to deff. A nigger'd ruther be called a preacher den to eat chitlin's en shawtnin' braid. I wuz jis a dyin' laffin' inside to myse'f 'bout whut a fool I wuz makin' uv dat ole nigger man whut didn' look no mo lak a preacher den Old Nick hisse'f. He look't mo lak de buzzards hed done picked 'im, he wuz so raggity; en he didn' look lak he'd had a rale good wash sence he wuz a baby, en I doubt ef he hed one den. He! He! Some nigger wimmens is got sich large families dat dey can't git ernuff soap en water to go roun', en I'se fyeard ole man Shed's mammy didn' waste none too much uv it on him. All 'roun de ole man's mouf wuz de grime uv de sweat whar de witches hed done rid 'im de night befo', en his face wuz jis a shinin' wid grease whar he hed done lickt dat bone. Dar wan' nuthin' specterbul 'bout 'im, 'dout twuz 'is hyar, en dat wuz sorter gittin' white; but hit didn' look ez ef it hed ebber hed a comb throu it, twuz dat knotty en kinky.

Whin de ole man could git 'is face straight

ernuff to reply to my questchun he say: "Mawnin' to you, M'am. Yassum, you is got hit zackly right. I is a preacher, en my name am Shedrack-Meshack-Anterbednego, arter de sarvant uv de Lawd whar libbed in a fiery funnace 'dout gittin' a hyar singed, en dey calls me Shed fer shawt. I'se jis walkin' out fer a little exercise, en habbin' a little bite to eat on de way to spo't my strank." Den he say: "Won' you hab a little piece uv dis hoe cake, en a lick at dis ham bone right down dar 'bout de hock? I gibs you my word ez a gintmun dat I ain' lickt on dat part a bit. I wuz a sabin' dat fer de las', kase hit allars tas'es so strong 'bout de hock dat hit'll stay wid you a long time arter you done eatin' it."

Wal, whin he say dat, I wuz so happy at de prospec' uv gittin' my teefs on dat hock een, an in dat hoe cake, dat I could skeersely ac' wid decent manners. You know hit's mighty common to look too anxious, en in too big a hurry 'bout eatin'. So I cuntrol myse'f de bes' way I could en I answer mighty genteel, lak I hed jis done git up fum a reg'lar fo'th er July barbecue fess: "Thanky sur, Brother Shed, much erbleeged to you! I ain' haungry, but cose I can't 'fuse to brek braid wid a sarvant uv de Master's." I bet Shed wuz sorry dat he hed

tole dat lie 'bout bein' a preacher, whin he see twuz gwine cos' 'im some uv dat hoe cake en de hock een er dat ham bone.

Anyhow we sot down dar on de roadside, en ef ebber vittles tasted good, dem did. Dey seem to go right to de spot, en I 'gun to wish dat I could cunjer de ole man en git 'im away, so ez I could hab all de hoe cake en ham bone to myse'f. I ain' mo'n thought dat, 'fo Ole Man Shed let a gret big piece uv hoe cake drap whut he hed jis broke off. Dat wuz kase I hed begredged it. Whenebber you let's anything fall, hit's bekase somebody's begredgin' it, en hit's bad luck to pick it up en eat 't, kase ef you do you eats somebody's gredge wid it, en hit'll sho sicken you en gripe you mos' to deff. I tell Ole Man Shed dis, whin I see he wuz gittin' ready to pick it up en eat it. I say: "Dat nebber will do ertall, kase you'll sho hab bad luck. I gwine throw dis piece to dat striped cur dog right behine you." Den I call out: "Hyar pup! hyar!" en ten lak I throwd it to 'im; but befo' Ole Man Shed could look aroun' I hed slipt it in my side pocket. I 'lowd to myse'f I wuz gwine hab mo' uv dat cawn braid den Mister Shed hed calkilated on.

Den I up en I say to 'im right sweet en 'specful lak: "Bro Shed, I'se a-dyin' to hyar

you preach a sermon. I'se fum Ferginny whar dey ain' no preachers lak you, en de whole time we's been a-settin' hyar togedder so soshربول lak, I'se been a-wishin' dat de cullud folkes whar I come fum cou'd see whut fine preachers dey has in Alabama. I bet ef dey know'd 'bout you, Bro Shed, dar woudn' be a nigger lef' in Ole Ferginny by twelb erclock termorrer. Kase I knows dey ain' nebber seed sich a preacher ez you is. I sho feels sorry fur 'em. Lawzy mussy! Hit meks me happy jis to look at cher, Bro Shed. I bets whin you gits to zortin' uv de sinners en callin' up de moaners dat dey all shout en car'y on so dat de cawn-fushun is wussen ef Marse Gabul hed blow'd 'is hawn fer jedgmen' day. I wisht you'd sorter start up en gib me a little piece er one er dem pow'ful sarmons whut you preaches, kase I ain' been rale down shoutin' happy sence de big strackded meetin' whut we all hed las fall." Unk-unk! Dat wuz too much fur dat po' fool nigger.

He say: "You is a mighty senserبول nigger ooman, ef you am so black en swunk up lak a rat, en to tell you de truff, I duz hab a pow'ful lot uv persuashun wid de moaners, spechully de sistren. Sence you 'sists on it, de sperrit hes moved me to gib a zortashun lak Bro

Peter in de wilderness, en Bro Norah in de ark."

I watch 'im right clost, en I see 'im 'gin to feelin' hisse'f gittin' mighty importan', en to thinkin' dat he orter be equ'l to de ercashun. Den he sorter draw hisse'f up, en clar his thoat, en begin. I thought dar won' gwine be no sense in nuthin' dat he sed, but dat wuz a smart ole nigger. He got erlong purty nice, 'peatin' uv things whut he hed done hyeard, en makin' up ez he'd go along to fill up wid, en ev'y now en den whin he'd git stalled he'd moan en groan, en holler out Amen! Amen! lak de sperrit wuz a wuckin' 'im, den he'd think er sump'n else en go on ergin. I 'members jis zackly whut he say, do all de time I wuz a-puttin' in my time tryin' to clean up dat hoe cake 'fo' he got through.

Wal, he start off jis disser way: "Bredren en sistren, I teks my tex' fum de lebenth chapter uv de fifty-six vus uv 'Dannul in de Lion's Den, en de Los' Sole.'"

"One day Bro Dannul wuz a-diggin' in 'is sweet tater patch en wuz a prayin' wid ev'y lick dat he strack; fer Dannul wuz a Gawdly man, en fyeard de Lawd en walkt 'umble in 'Is sight. All on a sudd'n he seed a bright light, en de stars en moon a-shinin', do hit wuz 'bout

twelb erclock in de daytime; en he seed de sky en de whole yearth filled wid gole cherriyuts drawd by snow-white hosses, en all filled wid white anguls wid crowns on dey haid, en playin' on harps. 'Twuz de sweetes' music Bro Dannul ebber hyeard. Den he see a passul er cole-black cherriyuts, drawd by hosses ez black ez de blackes' nigger you ebber seed. Dey wuz full er debbul's imps, en dey wuz a-bitin' one ernudder, en quoilin' en callin' one nudder names, en spittin' out fire en swords, en de hosses wuz a-rarin' en plungin'. Dey wuz a-howlin' en mekin' de mos' unarthly noise dat Dannul hed ebber hyard, en he 'gun to gittin' mighty skyeart, en to prayin' mighty hard, kase he thought hit sholy mus' be jedgemen' day. He look aroun' fer Marse Gabul en his trump, but he coudn' see 'im nowhars, so he knowd dat he mus' be mistook'n. Yes, my sistren, he wuz mistook'n. Bro Dannul didn' see no jedgemen' day dat time. Amen! Bredren, Bro Gabul wan' dar, deahly belubbed; but Dannul seed ernudder sight. All on a sudden', fo' he knowd it, de gret light went out, en hit wuz pitch dark. Hit begun to thunder en lightnin'. De whole yearth wuz shakin', en he heard a voice whut seem to come fum one uv dem big sickymos nearby,

callin' out, so moanful, lak somebody wuz a a-killin' it: 'A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l! A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l!' Jis lak a squinch owl, risin' en drawin' out whin it come to sole, en den fallin' en dyin' away in a kine uv a trimbul.

"En Dannul look up whar de voice come fum. Jis den a flash uv lightnin' lit up de darkness, en he seed above 'im a great big bird, look jis lak a cross twixt a buzzard en a squinch owl, en bigger en blacker den all de buzzards en owls in de worl'. Its eyes look lak big coles uv fire, en it wuz a flapp'n dem big wings lak a sole in torment, en a lookin' straight down at Bro Dannul en callin' out: 'A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l! A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l!' Bro Dannul wuz fyeard dat hit wuz talkin' 'bout him, en he fell down on 'is knees en 'gun to pray all de harder. De voice still call out lak it come fum de grabe: 'A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l! A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l!' en Dannul 'gun to shibber all ober wussen ef he hed a chill. He fell down on 'is face en shot bofe 'n 'is eyes, en whilst he wuz a-layin' dar, de gret big owl buzzard come down en kotch 'im by de nap er de naik en flew off wid 'im a-hollerin': 'A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l! A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l!' Dat wuz a terrible sperunce uv Bro Dannul's. Whin de bird set 'im down ergin, en he op'n 'is eyes, de fus thing dat he see wuz a roa'in lion



wid 'is mouf wide op'n ready to eat 'im up. But Dannul hed faith, en de Lawd helt de lion by de tail en wouldn' let 'im 'vour Dannul.

"Now de queschun, bredren en sistren, am: How come de lion nebber et Bro Dannul? Some fokes sez dat de reason wuz dat he hed a sweet tater in 'is pocket whut he hed put dar whin he wuz diggin' in de patch, 'fo' de bird car'yd 'im off, en dat he stufft dat in de lion's mouf to satisfy 'im en to mek friens wid 'im; others sez dat Bro Dannul hed 'is rabbit foot in 'is pocket, en dat he wucked guffer on ole Mr. Lion; en dar's others whut says dat Dannul hed a way uv hol'in in 'is bref lak he wuz daid, en dat lions won' eat a corpse arter hit's daid. Dey's skeart dat de sperrit mought come back en hant 'em. Dar's others whut says dat de lion hed jis done been fed, en wan' haungry, en dat Bro Dannul look so tough dat de lion didn' wan' brek out 'is teefs a-chawin' 'im.

"Wal, howsomenebber dat may be, my bredren, de lion nebber teched Dannul. Ef you wan' to be sabed you better go to prayin' fer faith. Kase dem same gret big birds is still all aroun' in de trees. Ev'y night you can hyar 'em a hollerin': 'A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l! A los' so-o-o-o-ul-l-l-l!' Dey is got dey eyes on de ve'y las' one uv you, en some dark night dey

gwine drap down on you, en cyar you off en put you down in a lion's den, lak dey done Bro Dannul. You better git right down on yo' knees dis minnit en pray to Marse Jesus to be dar to hole 'im by de tail, or he will 'vour you en eat cher up sho.

"Now I gwine call on Bro Aberham Wallace to lead us in prar. Bredren en sistren, let us pray."

I nebber would a bliebed dat po' lookin' nigger could er preached sich a fine sarmon.

He hed done wuck hisse'f up so dat he wuz right haungry en empty, en he tu'n 'roun to git some hoe cake; but hit wuz all gone. Lawd bless yo' sole, dar wan' a crum' uv it lef! He! he! he!

De ole man git mighty mad en holler at me: "Whar is my cawn braid, you low life nigger wench? I betcher done et ev'y mouf full uv it up, you greedy houn' dog you!" Den I say: "Please, Mr. Shed, don' git mad wid me, kase I ain' done nuthin' 'tall. I sho is sorry dat dog got yo' share uv dat hoe cake. I gwine tell you jis zackly how 'twuz. Whilst you wuz preachin' I wuz dat tak'n up wid de sarmon, dat I wuz fyeard I mought git absen' minded en eat up all er de pone, so I 'vided it in two, en put yo' piece dar on dem may-pop leabes, so ez you

could git it whin you got through. Den whilst I wuz a-listnin' to you, en dat beauterful sarmon, en wan' payin' no tenshun to dem thievin' dogs, dey done et it up 'fo' I knowd nuthin' 'tall 'bout it. I sho feels fer you, Bro Shed. Ev'y one er dem low down houn's orter be kilt fer bein' so greedy. Ef dar's one thing I ain' got no pashunce wid, hit's a greedy dog or a greedy nigger. Dey orter ev'y one be hanged en throwd to de buzzards.

But whut I sed didn' hab no fec' on Ole Man Shed, en ain' ease 'im a bit. He wuz sho spishus uv me. He brek out fo' I hed finish tellin' 'im 'bout how it happ'n, en he say: "Hush, yo lyin', I ain' bliebin' a wud you sayin'. You ain' no better den a suck aig dog yo'se'f. I gwine set ev'y las' one uv dem dogs on you en let em ta'r you to pieces."

Den he 'gun to callin': "Hyar, Nick, hyar! Hyar, Bus! Hyar, Jer'y! Sick 'er, Torm! Sicker, Bob! Sicker! Sicker! Go fer 'er, Spot! Sick 'er!"

But Lawd bless yo' sole! Dat ole nigger man ain' gwine ketch Miss Mouse dat er way. Kase I knowd whut he wuz gwine do, en 'fo' he could git de wuds out'n' is mouf to call to 'is dogs, I hed done run up a libe oak tree whut wuz dar, slicker'n a groun' squir'l, en dar I

wuz settin' on de topmos' lim' lookin' down grinnin' at him en de dogs, en holdin' up de ham bone fer 'em to see en to smell fer to comfut 'em. Lawd! but dat po' ole nigger looked lak he would go terstrakted, he wuz hankerin' so arter dat ham bone whut he wuz skeart he wan' nebber gwine git 'is tongue on ergin.

At fus he 'gun to sto'm en to holler, en to threat'n ef I didn't come down en gib 'im back 'is ham bone dat he would kill me, en dat he wuz gwine sen' ev'y one uv dem dogs up dat tree, an' dat dey would bite me en run me mad. Den he 'lowd ef I did'n' throw 'im down dat ham bone mighty quick, he wuz gwine come up de tree arter me, en dat he would sho wring my naik whin he kotch me. I holler back to 'im: "I'll gib you lief to wring my naik, but fus you got to ketch me. You think you gwine ketch little Miss Mouse, does you? De trap ain' made yit whut kin ketch dis mouse. Dat 'taint. You ole knock-kneed nigger! Haw! haw! haw!"

Dat made Ole Shed so mad dat he threw down 'is cretch en wuz gittin' ready to clam de tree, but de po' ole man wuz so lame he hed'n' got started, whin he fell back flat on de groun', en struck 'is haid 'ginst a root.

I wuz mighty fyeard de ole man hed done kill hisse'f. I keep right quiet, en arter awhile I see 'im stirrin' hisse'f a little en tryin' to git up. Den he look fer 'is dogs en tried to mek 'em go up arter me, same ez ef I wuz a 'possum, en de dogs wuz a-yelpin' en jumpin' 'round de tree ez 'cited ez ef dey wuz treein' sump'n sho nuff. But ev'y time one uv 'em git started up de tree, I'd brek off a lim' en throw it down en whack 'im on de haid. I nigh bout bus' one uv 'em op'n, en dat nearly kilt ole Shed, kase he lubbed dem dogs better'n he did his own brudders en sisters. So he call 'em all off en quiet 'em, en den he gin to quiet down hisse'f. Arterwhile he look up de tree en gun to coaxin' uv me, "Please to gib de po' ole man back his ham bone to keep 'im fum starbin' to deff." Whin he see dat wan' doin' no good, he growl lak a wolf, en look up mighty awful lak, en shake 'is fis' at me, en grit 'is teef, en say: "I wuz hopin' to spar' you, en I gib you one mo' chance, en ef you don' throw down dat ham bone, Ise gwine *hoodoo* you sho ez my name is Shedrack-Meshack-Anterbednego. I'se a Hoodoo man, en ef you fools wid me, I gwine tu'n yer into a snake."

Lawd hep me! Whin he sed dat, de cole

shibbers run all up en down my back, kas I hed done been cunjered once; en I didn' wan' hab no dealin's wid hoodoo. I wuz so skyeart I mos' let dat ham bone drap out'n my fingers, but I wouldn't let on dat I wuz skyeart en I holler back mighty bole: "You need'n think you gwine fool me en skeer me wid yo' talk 'bout yo' hoodoo. I knows you ain' no Hoodoo Doctor. Ef you wuz, you wouldn' hab to mek yo' libbin' by preachin', kase hoodoo, en cunjer, en guffer pays heap bettern' preachin' or anything else; sides dat you couldn' hoodoo me nohow, kase I'se a cunjer ooman myse'f, do I ain' tole you so befo'. I knowd who you wuz de minnit I sot eyes on you. I knowd you wan' no preacher, nor nuthin' else but a low life vagerbawn widout no prop'ty in dis worl' or de naix but a pack uv lean, rawbone houn's. I jis ten' lak I bliebed you to mek you gimme some er dat hoe cake en ham bone whut I knowd you hed done stole fum de white fokes' kitchen whilst de cook wan' lookin'. All de time I wuz a-mekin' fun uv you to myse'f en laffin' at cher. I knows all dese things kase I'se a cunjer ooman fum Ole Ferginny, en anybody whut thinks dat dey's gwine git ahead uv Miss Mouse is mighty mistook'n. Haw! haw! haw! haw!

Nigger, you sho is a big fool! Haw! haw! haw!"

Whin I say dat to 'im, I seed dat de ole man wuz nigh bout skeart to deff. I hed guessed right, 'bout whar dat hoe cake en ham bone hed come fum, en he bliebed I wuz a cunjer ooman sho nuff. Haw! haw! haw! Mens is de bigges' idjits de Lawd ebber made, en it teks a smart ooman to mek fools uv 'em, lak Miss Mouse done.

Den you orter seed de way Ole Shed 'gun to gittin' mighty sweet en socherbul. He jis laff fit to kill hisse'f en say: "I'll be blest ef you ain' de smartes', hansomes' cullud lady whut I'se seed in a long time. Lawd! Lawd! I jis been playin' wid you, honey, tennin' lak I wuz mad. Bless yo' sole! dat's jis a good joke, dat's all 'tis. I clar to grachus, dat's so, en may de Lawd strak me daid ef I ain' tellin' de truff.

"I done fell in lub wid you de fus minute I laid my eyes on you. Dat's de reason I preach you dat fine sarmon 'bout Bro Dannul, do I ain' a preacher. I jis preaches sometimes on spechul ercashuns fer my frien's. En now, honey, I specs hit's 'bout time I wuz gittin' back home, en ef you'll jis come down fum dat tree, I'd lak to hab de pleasure uv 'scortin' you. I

gwine keep dem dogs right quiet; dey shan' bother you, en whin I gits home I gwine tek de ax en chop dis ham bone in two en gib you de bigges' ha'f."

! Whin he say dat, I hed to tu'n my haid away to keep 'im fum seein' how I wuz laffin'. Mens is mighty techous 'bout bein' lafft at, en twon' nebber do to let 'em cetch you at it. As soon ez I git my face straight, I answer 'im back: "All right, I gwine come down, but ef you ac's onmannerly 'bout dis bone, en don' keep dem dogs tennin' to dey own bizness, I gwine cunjer de ve'y las one uv 'em, en you, too, en you'll wek up some mawnin' en fine 'em all daid layin' all aroun' you, en you gwine be daid yose'f; 'sides dat, I'se bleegt to tote dis ham bone all de way to de wood pile 'twell you kin crack it op'n, en den I gwine gib you a piece ef you 'haves yo'se'f lak a gintmun."

Dat sholy did rile 'im, but he seed 'twouldn' be good fer 'im to ac' peevish, so me en de ole man went long togedder same ez ef we'd been de bes' uv frien's—me holdin' uv de ham bone, en de dogs barkin' en jumpin', runnin' long side uv us.

So dat's all dar is 'bout de way I met my Ole Man Shed, en how de dogs treed little Miss Mouse, but nebber kotcht 'er. Some



other time I'se gwine tell you 'bout my sperunce  
wid ole Unk Dobby. Haw! haw! haw! He  
sho wuz a funny ole man, but he cou'dn' come  
up to Ole Man Shed. Naw, suh! Dat he  
couldn'.



"Ole Man Shed"



## **Ole Man Shed and the Dogs**



## OLE MAN SHED AND THE DOGS

WHUT I want to marry dat ole lame nigger Shed fer, de Lawd only knows. Who would ebber er bleebed dat smaht ez Miss Mouse wuz, she'd let herse'f git kotched in sech a trap ez dat! But de truf is, whin it comes to mens, dar ain' no tellin' whut a fool a ooman kin mek uv 'erse'f.

Now Shed, he wuz mighty good to me whin I fus come to dat strange place, en he interjuiced me to all de cullud fokes, en tole 'em dat ef ever dey hed any sickness in de fam'bly to jis let Miss Mouse know, kase she wuz a cunjer ooman en could cyor any 'zease.

Whin he tell 'em dat, you jis orter seed how perlite en mannerly dem black fokes ac' aroun' me. Seem lak dey all lub me so much dat dey wanted to claim kin wid me.

Hit remin' me uv dem hell skyeart Christuns. En I wuz laffin to myse'f, kase I knowd dey wuz plum skyeart to deff, fyeard I would cunjer 'em. Dey all wanted to git on de good side uv Miss Mouse so ez she wou'dn' do nuffin to 'em.

Ole Man Shed bliebed to 'is dyin' day dat I wuz a cunjer ooman, jis lak I done tell 'im. En I thinks dat wuz one reason dat he wuz so crazy to mar'y me, he thought mebby I wouldn' cunjer a member uv de fam'bly. Lawd! dat shows how much sense mens is got!

I hedn't been mar'ied to de ole man mo'n a week 'fo' I 'gun to want him en all 'is dogs at de bad place. Dey wuz dat aggervatin, dat I nigh bout went crazy wid 'em 'roun' me all de time.

Shed hed done hed three wives quit 'im already on 'count er dem dogs; but he wouldn' er gib up one uv 'em fur all 'de wimmen fokes in de worl'. It seem lak dey understan' 'im, lak ez ef dey wuz fokes. En Shed lubbed dem dogs jis de same ez ef dey hed been 'is own chillun.

Whin dat little bob-tail spotted dog died dat time, I thought de ole man would go crazy. He wuz fyeard dat somebody hed done pizen 'im, en he come an ax me to tell 'im who done it. I tell 'im dat de dog jis died hisse'f. Den I say fer to comfüt 'im, dat ef ever I hyar uv anybony projickin' wid any uv de dogs, dat I would fix 'em sho.

He tell dat all aroun' among de niggers, en

dar wan' one uv 'em whut 'ud er dared to tech 'em, dey wuz so skyeart uv me.

Wal, dis wuz de way it all hap'n. Shed wuz allers a-comin' wid 'is co'tin', en hangin' 'roun' pesterin' de life out'n me, twell I git mighty tired on it.

I hed done got some wuck fer myse'f, en wuz gittin' on mighty prosperous. De white fokes 'roun' 'bout hyar wuz mighty good en kine to me whin I fus come.

Lawd he'p dy sarvan'! Dey am all daid en buried long ergo, en dem whut wuz babies den is de ole fokes 'roun' hyar now, wid one foot in de grabe. I spec's I nigh 'bout goin on two hunnerd years ole. Now bless my soul! Jis lissen at me tellin' my age, so promiscuous. Who knows but whut some gintmuns is a standin' 'roun' lissenin' to me.

En ev'ybody knows hit ain' nebber becomin' in a lady to tell 'er age 'fo' gintmuns.

But Lawd! Miss Mouse feels jis ez pyeart en sassy ez she did when she wuz a sixteen-year-ole gal, en a mighty good-lookin' one, too, do she want no bigger'n a rat. En she gwine walk dese streets a many a day yit.

Now Shed had a right nice one-room house, en a baid in it, en three mighty gay baidquilts. I 'members de pattuns same ez ef 'twuz yistiddy.



De one striped wid yaller wuz a "risin' star," en de one put tergedder wid a mixtry uv red en green wuz a "log cabin"—dat wuz a purty quilt ef ebber dar wuz one—en de yuther wuz a "sugar loaf." Den 'sides dat he hed a skillet en a shubble, en a ole tucky wing to blow up de fire wid, en dar wuz two or three boxes to set down on, en to use fer to put vittles on whin dey wuz cooked.

Shed wuz mighty proud er sich a fine 'stablishmen', en speshully uv dem quilts. He wuz allers a-talkin' 'bout 'em, en braggin' 'bout how warm dey kep' 'im in de winter time.

I allers did wan' to know whar he got 'em fum; but he ain' sayin' a word 'bout 'em, en I couldn' fine out to sabe my life.

I use to laff en tell 'im I bet some uv dem dogs knowd mo' 'bout whar dey come fum den anybody else.

Dat nigh 'bout tickle 'im to deff, kase de dogs wuz mighty well trained, en sho wuz useful to Ole Man Shed.

Wal, honey, dat ole man worry me so wid 'is co'tin', en talkin' 'bout dat nice house uv his, en de fine quilts en furnicher, en ev'y which way I tu'n dar he wuz, twell I hed to mar'y 'im to git rid uv 'im, so ez I could hev a little peace.

We got along purty well fer awhile. Shed en de dogs would go out in de mawnin' en come back wid sump'n t' eat, mos' 'ginerly. I nebber knowed how dey come by it. Shed nebber wuz no han' to 'scuss 'is bizness, en hit ain' nebber wise to ax too many queschuns.

So we wuz gittin' long purty tolerbul well, 'twell one day Shed 'low dat he wuz sick, en wan' able to wuck. Dar wan' a thing ailin' 'im cep he wuz too lazy to lib, en he hed jis made up 'is mine dat now dat he hed a wife whut wuz mekin' good wages, 'twan' no use fer him to do nothin'.

Fum dat day on, de only thing dat he'd do wuz to walk aroun' town wid dem dogs, en not eben zert 'isse'f to bring home nuthin' fer dinner. I hed Shed en all er dem dogs on my han' to s'port, en dey ev'y one eat dey haid off ev'y day.

Hit sho kep' me wuckin' hard to keep 'em up; but I wuz good to Ole Shed mos' er de time, en allers 'vided ev'ything wid 'im. Do I would git mighty mad wid 'im kase he wouldn' go to wuck, en tell 'im dar wan' a thing ailin' uv 'im cepn' meanness, en call 'im purty nigh ev'y bad name I could think on, I would allers een up by feelin' sorry fer de ole man en gib 'im sump'n good t' eat.

But one day I fyarly went beside myse'f. Hit wuz de coles' wedder I eber knowd, en dar wan' no keepin' wahm.

Shed would git almos' in de fire. His blood wur so thin dat he couldn' keep wahm. En he made me let ev'y one er dem dogs stay in de house roun' de fire.

Dat wuz de wedder to mek a pusson so haungry dat mos' anything 'ud tase good, en I hed to forage 'roun mightily to git ernuff to fill me en Shed en de dogs up.

One uv de coles' days, whin dar wan' nothin' 'tall in de cubba'd, en I couldn' think to sabe my life whar I wuz gwine git sump'n t' eat dat day, de Lawd wucked a miracle by de han' uv one er dem bulldogs, en saunt us de fines', fattes' shote ebber I see. Hyar come ole Boss bringin' hit in 'is mouf. De Lawd hed hed it kilt befo' He saunt it, en I jis took it out 'n de dog's mouf without askin' no queschuns 'tall 'bout it, kase ez 'twuz a pressen' 'twoudn't er been perlite to be too queschunin' 'bout it.

Wal, I cooked dat shote de bes' you ebber saw, nice en brown, wid plenty uv gravy to sop; I set it down front uv de fire, en tole Shed to mine it while I went en tried to fine a few sweet taters to fry in de grease. En so I sot out. Do hit wuz cole ernuff to freeze out de Ole Boy

hisse'f, en I wuz mighty empty en haungry, en I couldn't he'p thinkin' 'bout dat shote 'fo' de fireplace.

I wuz gone 'bout a hour, I specs. Den I went back wid de sweet 'taters whut I hed done fine, so ez to fry 'em to eat wid de shote.

Lawd! Whin I op'n de do' en see whut hed hap'n, I didn' hab no heart fer no taters or nuthin', I wuz so mad, fer dat shote wuz gone, ev'y las' spec' uv him, en dar want a sign uv it, cep'n de scent uv it whut filled de cabin.

Shed en de dogs hed cleaned it all up whilst I wuz gone. En dar dey sat a-lickin' dey moufs, en me a stannin' dar starvin' to deff fer de want er some er dat shote. Lawd, Lawd, de misry uv smellin' dat shote, en knowin' dat empty en cravin' ez I wuz, dat I wan' gwine hab none to satisfy me! Hit nigh 'bout run me crazy. Hit jis seem lak I couldn' stan' it.

Shed say he reck'n he wuz eben wid me now fer de way I eat up 'is cawn braid en ham bone dat time. I wuz so mad, I jis haul off en threw dem taters at his impertent ole greasy face, en den I called 'im ev'ything I could think on. Den I slam de do' in his face, en tell him dat I wuz gwine quit 'im, en dat I didn' keer ef he starbed to deff, I wan' gwine lib wid 'im ernudder day. Wid dat I tuck off en went to de yuther een er

de town, to mek a visit to some frien's uv mine. I 'lowed dat Ole Shed would git mighty haungry en sorry 'way off dar by hisse'f, en dat 'twouldn' be mo'n de naix day 'fo' I'd see 'im hobblin' up de road wid 'is dogs to beg me to come back to 'im.

I hed made up my mine dat I wan' gwine a step.

But de day pass, en dar wan' no signs uv Shed. De naix day de same, en I 'low to myse'f dat de ole gintmun wuz tryin' to ac' mighty biggity. Den I clar' to myse'f dat I wuz gwine teach 'im a lesson, en dat I wan' gwine a step to see ef he hed anything to eat or no.

Hit 'gun to gittin' colder, en colder, en 'bout night a snow-storm come on.

Wal, sir! I jis couldn' keep my mine off'n Shed to sabe my life. Do all de time I wuz sayin' to myse'f dat he wuz de lowes' down nigger, I kep' wonderin' ef he hed a good fire, en how he en de dogs wuz gittin on. Bimeby I say to myse'f dat I would sneak roun' up through de woods de naix mawnin' so ez to keep 'im fum seein' me, en peep through de crack in de chimbly en see how dey wuz behavin' deysebs. So whin mawnin' come I went to my wuck en hurry through it, kase I

wuz mighty anxious to see whut de ole man wuz doin' by hisse'f, en whedder he look mighty bad en lonesome.

So jis ez soon ez I wuz through I started out through de snow fer de woods, en twan' long 'fo' I come up to de house.

I went up to de chimbly en peep in de crack to see whut wuz gwine on. But dar didn' seem to be nobody stirrin' ertall, en I wuz so outdone to think er Shed a sleepin' so late in de day jis 'cause I wuz away fum home, dat I bus op'n de do' en holler out, "Ef you ain' wake by de time I gits to you, you low down imp er Satun, I gwine shake de libber out'n you."

Lawd! honey, de words died on my mouf whin I got up to de baid.

Dar wuz snow all ober it, hed done come through a crack in de night, en dar layin under dem "risin' star," en "log cabin," en "sugar loaf" quilts, wuz Ole Man Shed stiff, stark daid whar he hed done frez to deff. Dar wuz icicles hangin' fum 'is eyes en whiskers, en he wuz stiff en cole ez a icicle hisse'f.

I look aroun' fer de dogs, en I see two or three uv 'em layin' stretched out on de flo' daid. Dey hed froze to deff, too, jis lak de ole man, en dey wouldn' leab 'im, do' dar wuz plenty uv room fer 'em to uv crawled out under de do'.

Hit jis seem lak dem dogs en Ole Man Shed allers would stan by onernuther don' keer whut come.

I wondered whar wuz de yuthers. Dar wan' no signs uv 'em nowhars, en I thought to myse'f dat dey hed stole away en lef' de ole man in charge uv de yuthers. I thought mebbe dey mought be under de house, or 'hine de baid, so I call to 'em to try en fine out whar dey wuz. But twan' no use. Den I jis stood up dar lookin' at de po' ole man, wid his dogs layin' daid erroun' 'im, en I wuz studdyin' en studdyin' 'en seem lak I wuz goin' off into a vishum. I 'gun to thinkin' 'bout how I hed treated de ole man, en I felt mighty sorrerful, en unaisy, fer fear dat Shed's hant would come back en torment me, en I nebber would hab no peace.

But I jis couldn' keep my eyes off de ole black wrinkled face wid de eyes walled up, en de icicles hangin' fum it, do I hed a mighty creepy feelin'.

'Fo' long I heard a low pitiful soun' lak a soul in torment en it soun' lak it hed come fum de baid.

Lawd, hit lakter skyeart de life out 'n me. I wuz fyeard it wuz Ole Man Shed's sperrit come back arter me.

Den it 'gun to gitt'n stronger en stronger, en 'fo' long I hyeard a scratch under de baid-clo'se, jis lak ghos'es scratches fer de worl', en I wuz shibberin' all ober I wuz so skyeart.

I drap down on my knees en 'gin to pray, kase you know, chile, dat prayin' is de bes' thing dar is to skeer off hants wid.

Wal, I hide my face in my han's en prayed en prayed to de Lawd not to let Ole Man Shed's hant overcome me. But Lawd! jist ez I wuz gittin' sorter aisy en comfortable fum prayin', de scratchin' en whinin' begin to git louder en louder, en I say to myse'f: "Dat sho is a cu'ous ole nigger, en cos 'is hant is bleegt to be cu'ous too."

Whilst I wuz thinkin' dis to myse'f, I felt sump'n squirmin' en movin' under de cyver. Den I look up fum my prayer en I seed one er dem little black fices crawlin' out fum under de quilt. Whin he seed me, he look fus' at me en den at de ole man mighty moanful, en den he 'gun to whine en wag 'is tail, kase he knowd dat sump'n wuz wrong, en he knowd dat Shed wuz daid. Beastes an' animals is mighty quick to fine a corpse.

Whin I seed dat little fice come fum out'n de baid, I knowd whar de yuther dogs wuz en I turn down de cyver.



Gawd knows dar nebber wuz sich a pitiful sight. Dar wuz de ole man stretched out flat uv 'is back, en dem dogs packed in all aroun 'im fer to keep 'im wahm. Dar wuz some under 'is orms, en some at 'is feets, en some up roun' bout 'is naik, en dar want but two dat wan' daid ez Hector. Dey hed all done laid down tergedder en died, tryin' to keep one nudder wahm.

Dat little black terrier, whut he thought so much on, hed done crawled up on de ole man's breas' right under de chin, en dar he laid froze stiff to de po' ole man.

Hit sho wuz pitiful. Stid er keepin' de ole man wahm, dey hed all froze to deff tergedder.

Lawd! I reckon hit wuz fer de bes', kase dey wuz allers sich good frien's, en I don' know whut would er become uv 'em ef Shed hadn't er cyard 'em wid 'im.

Dar wan' nobody whut 'ud er took keer uv 'em, en dey sho would er missed de ole man.

De fice en dem two others whut wan' daid, I wahmed up, en fed 'em, en did my bes' fer 'em; but dey wuz too fur gone, all but de fice, en dey died de naix day.

De fice wuz sho a fine dog, en I sot a heap uv sto' by 'er. She ain' been daid ve'y long en dat's one uv 'er pups you see yonder.

Hyar Nick! Hyar! How duz you lak 'im, honey! Yassum, he's a mighty fine pup, kase he come fum some er Ole Man Shed's stock.

Whin dey buried de ole man, I made 'em dig a hole right alongside uv 'im en bury de dogs, so dey would allers be right dar wid 'im ef his hant ever happ'n to need 'em.

Honey, whut cher reckon de ole man done wid dem dogs whin Saint Peter met 'im at de gate fer to let 'im in hebben?

Duz you spec' he let de dogs pass, too? I b'liebe in my sole dat ef dey hed refused to tek de dogs in, dat Shed would er tu'n 'is back on de hebb'enly kingdom en walk'd right down to de yuther country.

Seems lak, fun de way de ole man froze to deff on earth, dat de wahm climate would er suited 'im better anyhow, en de dogs, too. Lawd, I hopes de ole man hez still got 'is dogs wid 'im! But I ain't got no mo' unaisiness 'bout 'im sense de Lawd saunt me a dream.

In de dream I see de ole man standin' at de gate 'fo' Saint Peter, en he wuz a-queschunin' 'im lak dey do in de cote-house uptown.

Shed wuz stannin' dar wid all de dogs aroun' 'im, en he hed one in 'is arms, de one whut crawled up on 'is breas' whin dey all froze tergedder, en he wuz a-lookin' straight at

Saint Peter lak he ain' nebber done nuthin' 'tall wrong in 'is life, en in a minnit I see dat he hed 'im plum fooled to deff, fer Peter put 'is han's on de latch uv de gate fer to op'n it, en he say: "I reck'n I'll hab to pass you," den he say: "But you'll hab to leab dem dogs behine. Dis an' no dog hebben, en we ain' got no room fer 'em up hyar."

Wal, suh! Whin he say dat, Ole Man Shed looked mighty grieved, en he look mighty wis'ful at de golden throne, en pearly streets, en de anguls uv niggers whut wuz jis lak white fokes, en you couldn't tell 'em apart to sabe yo' life. Den he look at de dogs lak 'is heart 'bout to break at leavin' 'em, en he call 'em by dey names en fondle 'em, en dey play aroun' mighty playful, lak dey so glad he wuz takin' notice uv 'em.

Dat wuz too much fer de ole man. He jis bow 'is haid mighty sorrerful, en hove a deep sigh, en den he say: "Wal, I reckon I won' trouble you, Marse Peter. I'll hab to go to de yuther place, I specs; kase I couldn't in no ways leab de dogs behine. 'Sides dat, a little wahmin' up'll do 'em good, en me too, fer dat matter, kase day wuz habbin' a right cole spell er wedder whar we come fum." Den he say: "Good-by, Marse Peter. Hit sho is a

pity you won' let dem dogs in. Dat ar rat terrier would ketch ev'y rat en mouse in hebben inside er ten minnits, en dat bulldog dar is de bes' gyard dog I ebber see, en is a mighty fine han' wid tramps, en dat brown spotted rabbit dog could supply all de anguls wid nice fat rabbits, but dey won' none uv 'em come up to dat speckled 'possum dog."

Lawd, chile! Whin he say dat, I see Saint Peter grin fum year to year en say: "Who said anything 'bout 'possum? Whut's dat 'bout 'possum, Unk Shed? Whut dat you say? Dat dog kin cetch two 'possums at a time? Lawd, Unk Shed, my mouf is waterin' right now. You fool nigger, why ain't you been tellin' me all dis time dat dat wuz a 'possum dog? Walk right in, Bro Shed, en bring de dogs, en mek yo'se'f to home. Hit nebber shell be said dat Saint Peter refuse to pay proper respec' to a possum hunter en 'is dog."

Den he say to Ole Man Shed: "I gwine borry Bro Gabul's horn to-night, en whin de moon rise I gwine blow fer you en de dogs to meet me by dat tall 'simmon tree growin' right on de aige uv hebben, en we'll be mighty ap' to fine a fat possum fer Sundy dinner."

Yassum, dat wuz my dream, jis lak de Lawd saunt it.

I sho wuz sorry to wake up 'fo' I found out whether Saint Peter en Ole Man Shed kotch dat 'possum or not dat night whin dey went to huntin' tergedder."

## **The Little Black Merchant**



## THE LITTLE BLACK MERCHANT

DAT's whut dey calls me—"De Little Black Merchan'"—yassum, dey sho do, en Miss Mouse come by de name mighty hones', kase I sells things jis de same ez dem whut keeps de big sto's uptown.

You see, hit wuz jis dis ser way:

Arter my Ole Man Shed die, I wuz dat res'less en to' up in my mine dat I couldn' settle down to no reg'lar wuck lak cookin' or tekin' in washin' or waitin' in de house. Hit peah'd lak I wanted to be movin' all de time. Fokes said dat 'twuz kase Ole Man Shed's hant wuz arter me, en dat I wouldn' nebber hab no peace, ef I stay in one place too long, kase dat hit would sho kotch up wid me en run me out ergin.

So dat's de reason I tuck to peddlin', so ez I could keep movin' all de time, en could dodge de ole man's sperrit.

I laks hit mighty well, too. De way I does, I gits ole clo'se fum de white fokes en cyars 'em aroun' en sells 'em to de niggers 'roun' town.

I meks jis so much on ev'ything dat I sells.



Ef I sells a purty nice lookin' dress en meks'bout a doller, I gits ten cent myself en cyars de res to whutebber white lady I done git de dress fum. Dey mos inginnerly marks em 'fo' I teks 'em, so ez de niggers won' think I'm tryin to cheat 'em.

Sometimes the price mark comes off, en den ef I gits mo' fer things den they wuz mark't, nobody don' know de diffunce, en I meks a little mo', dat's all.

Whut does I sell mos'ly? Lawd, honey! Everything you could think uv, fum a guinea caliky dress to a pa'r uv ole socks.

I allers carrys a baskit on my orms, en one or two buckets to hole de vittles whut I has to take sometimes whin de folks laks a little uv bein' able to pay fer whut dey wan's, en ef I happ'n to hab a par uv ole shoes in my stock, I jis ties 'em tergedder wid a string en hangs 'em ober my orm en I goes on.

De way I gits de things, I goes roun' to de white ladies' houses en axes 'em, "Please, m'am, to let me hab any ole things dat's done wo' out, en dey ain' got no mo' use fer, to sell fer 'em, en dat Miss Mouse will sho bring 'em ev'y cent dat dey sells fer en not chawge 'em much fer sposin' uv 'em fer 'em."

De white fokes, fer all dey ac' so big en proud en ten lak dey don' wan' sell nuffin, little Miss

Mouse don' leab dar without sump'n to put in 'er basket, en whin she goes back to han' ober de money, dey ain' nebber refuse to tek it.

Dey's allers mighty kine 'bout he'pin' me out, en ef 'twan' fer ole clo'se I don' know how I would mek a libbin', kase Ole Shed's hant keeps me movin' all de time, en dat's de onlie's bizness whut you c'n cyar on 'dout settlin' down in one place.

Ev'ybody say I'm a blessin' to de 'munity.

De little niggers dey all lub me en call me Gran'maw; en 'bout Chrismus time whenebber dey see me comin', dey all run to meet me, en call me Miss Santy Claw. Dey hollers out: "Hyar come Miss Santy Claw! Hoddy, Miss Santy Claw! Whut cher gwine bring us Chrismus? We'se good chillun en you got to bring us a heap er things."

Den I tells 'em dat de mos' dey gwine git is a strong hick'ry switch en some hot ashes.

But dat don' mek no 'pression on dem black imps. Dey jis grins en shows dey white teefs en hollers back: "Naw you ain'! Naw you ain' no sich uv a thing! You done tole us dat befo', Miss Santy Claw, en you ain' gwine fool us no mo'. We're mighty good chillun, Miss Mouse, en we wants a heap er things Christmus."

Den I answers em back: "You mean to

'spute my wud, does you? I'll sot you up a sassin' uv yo' elders. Come hyar to me! Miss Mouse am little, but she's loud. En ef you don' clar out, you black varmunts, I gwine dress off de las' one uv you wid my walkin' stick. You better git, 'fo' I lays my han's on you." Whin I says dat, hit nigh 'bout skeers de life out'n 'em, kase mos' uv de bad chillun roun'-bout hyar hes hed a tas'e uv my walkin' stick, en dey know dat hit won' do to fool wid dat lil' hick'ry tree.

Haw! haw! haw! Hit sho' is de funnies' thing ebber I hyar tell uv. I nigh 'bout split my sides laffin' whin dey call me Miss Santy Claw. Ev'ybody knows dat Santy Claw is a gintmun en dat 'is wife is done been daid dis many yeah, en I say to myse'f: "How c'n I be Miss Santy Claw en me a lady?" But dem chillun ain' got a grain er sense 'mongst 'em.

De reason dat dey calls me Miss Santy Claw am, dat long 'bout Christmus time, I goes aroun' en buys up all uv de las yeah Christmus toys dat I kin fine, en I sells 'em so cheap to dey mammys en pappys dat dar ain' a chile 'bout hyar dat don' hab a dawl or a drum, or a hawn, or juice harp. Co'se dey's a little bit broke up, but dey'll do to play wid jis de same, en de chillun am mighty proud uv' em. I don'

mek nuthin' tall on dem bargains. I jis sells 'cm fer whut I pays fer 'em so de po'es' nigger kin 'fo'd to git sump'n to put in de chilluns' stockin' fer Christmus.

De chillun calls me Miss Santy Claw kase dey know I ain' nebber gwine fail 'em.

What dat yer say bout ole Unk Dobby?

Norm, norm, me en Dobby ain' got no notion er mar'yin. Dey all says he's sparkin' roun' me mightily, but Lawd, honey! arter Ole Man Shed's deff, all de nigger mens roun' hyar lacked to brek dey naiks tryin' to git me to mar'y 'em; but I didn' hab no notion er gitt'n myse'f into trouble ergin, en I kick ev'y las one uv 'em. I bless 'em all out so strong dat dey let me alone en stopt pesterin' uv me.

But one day Ole Unk Dobby come erlong, en begun to pass a few compliments on me. Den he grin en say: "Miss Mouse, you better be gittin mar'ied ergin, kase you're gittin' mighty ole, en you'll soon be losin' yo' beauty ef you don' look out, en you ain' got nobody to tek keer uv you in' yo' ole aige whin you gits de rheumatiz ed de p'ralersis, en can' walk aroun' en sell ole clo'se." Den I up en say to 'im, "You ain' no spring chick'n yo'se'f, Unk Dobby, en you sho' is mighty knock-kneed en

muffle jawed. Dar ain' a cullud lady in town whut'd have you."

He laff fit to kill whin I say dat. Den he pull out two dimes en a quarter uv a doller, en he shuck 'em in my face en say: "You see dat, don' cher? Dis am de pyor white giniwine silber, en I teks in dis much en mo' too ev'y time I gibs a sho. I spec's dars many a lady whut 'ud be glad to git 'er han's on it."

I didn' say nuthin' to dat, only jis poke out my mouf at 'im en tell 'im to go 'long 'bout 'is bizness 'en not show his black face roun hyar no mo'.

Arter he hed done tuck 'isse'f off, I 'gun to thinkin' 'bout all dat money spilin' on Unk Dobby's han's, en dat 'twuz sich a pity dat he didn' hab somebody to he'p 'im tek keer uv it.

Dobby sho' wuz a 'fine acter. Ev'y time he showed he tuck in some money. De white fokes use to 'gage 'im to come en ac' fer 'em.

Lawd, honey! Unk Dobby could crow lak a rooster fer de worl, en bark lak a dog, en cackle lak ev'y kine er hen dat sets on de roos'. He could go lak any animal dat dey call fer, en he could put two aigs in 'is mouf at one time wid de shells on without brekin', one in 'is right jaw en de yuther in 'is lef, en he could swaller a

whole dipper full er water at one time, en do mo' funny things 'en a little.

He sholy wuz a funny ole man, Unk Dobby wuz.

Wal, de naix time he come aroun', he wuz drest up mightily, en wuz tryin' to cut a dash.

But I know'd whut he wuz arter. He wuz jis tryin' to ketch de eye uv Miss Mouse. Arter a little while he 'gun to showin' off, barkin' en crowin' en cyarin' on wussen ole Nick hisse'f, en I laff 'twell I cried.

Den he up en co'ted me, en I didn' hab no better sense den to 'cept uv him. So we wuz 'gaged to one nudder; but Unk Dobby 'low dat hit would be a long time fo' we could git mar'ied, kase he wanted to mek ernuff money to s'port me in style. He say sich a fine lady ez Miss Mouse orter lib lak de qual'ty, en I knowd dat he spuck de truff, en hit pleased me mightily.

Whin Unk Dobby got up to go, he recht down in my basket en tuck out a mighty nice check coat whut I hed low'd to git about fifty cents fer, en he say: "Sence we's 'gaged now, I reck'n you won' mine lettin' me hab dis coat on a credit?" en he jis nachully walk off wid it 'fo' I could op'n my mouf to speak.

Me en Dobby sho wuz 'gaged a long time.

Nigh 'bout fibe yeahs, I specs, en seem lak Dobby wuz allers puttin' it off fer some reason or nuther. Whenebber I would try en hurry 'im up, he would say: "We mus' do lak de white fokes, Miss Mouse; dey allers bese 'gaged a long time, en you nebber see white ladys in too big a hurry to git mar'ied. Mar'yn is sumpin whut it ain' mannerly fer a lady to seem overly anxious 'bout." I couldn' say nuthin' to dat, en I 'gun to see dar wan' no use er hurryin' up Unk Dobby, en we jis went on bein' 'gaged, en Dobby all de time a-heppin' hisse'f out'n my baskit en not payin' a cent.

Wal, suh, he nigh 'bout broke me takin' de bes' pants an vestes en cravats en gallusses. He 'low he bleeget to hab good clo'se en dress lak a gintmun whin he's actin', en dat he wan' able to buy 'em, kase he wuz tryin' to sabe up money 'nuff to git mar'ied on.

One day he come to me en say dat he bleeget to hab dem brown striped pants en dat black long tail coat, dat he hed been 'gaged to ac' fer some white ladies dat ebenin'.

Den I knowed hit wuz de time fer me to rise up en lay down de law to him, so I ups en says: "Now ef you want dem striped pants en dat black coat, dar ain' but one way you gwine git 'em, en dat's by mar'yn'. Wese done been

'gaged long ernuff now, en hit's 'bout time de weddin' wuz comin' off, en I gwine gib you jis a hour to git de license en preacher."

Dat seem to suit 'im mighty well, en he say all right, dat he would go right in en dress hisse'f fer de weddin', en den he'd go en bring de preacher.

Whin de ole man come out dresst up in all dat finery, I hardly would er knowd him, en I wuz mighty proud dat I wuz gwine mar'y, sich a good-lookin' gintmun, en sich a fine acter. Den I went to wuck dressin' myse'f gittin' ready fer de weddin'.

Sho 'nuff, in erbout a hour I hyeard a knock at de do', en fo' I could say "Come in," in stepped Ole Dobby en dat right young ginger braid gal Nervy Brown. Unk Dobby made 'is bes' bow en say: "Miss Mouse, lemme inter-juce you to my wife." En dat bole, impertent nigger gal wuz a-grinnin' lak a chess cat. Den she axt me whut I wuz dressed up so fine fer, en wuz I gwine to a pardy. Den she looked at Ole Dobby en dey bofe giggled, en Dobby say he spec's dar gwine be ernudder weddin', dat he had hyeard tell how dat Bro Dannul wuz a sparkin' roun' Miss Mouse, en dat he sho' hoped to be 'vited to de wedd'n. Wal, honey, I wuz dat outdone wid dat low down 'ceivin' ole



nigger man a-mekin' a fool uv hisse'f 'bout dat right young gal, arter ev'ybody knowed dat he hed been 'gaged to me fer so long en wuz talkin' bout it, en spectin' de weddin' to take place at any time, dat I plum los' my breff at fus'.

Unk Dobby look on de fire en see de pot a bilin', en he sorter sniff up his nose, en he say: "Miss Mouse, dat pot uv greens smell mighty good. Can't you set us up to a little weddin' supper?"

Dat made my blood bile. De ijee uv dat lyin' rascal en dat low down hussy spectin' to set dey teefs on my bac'n en greens arter de way dey done disgrace deysebs.

Hit jis sot me on fire, en I jumped up en grabbed de hot flat i'un en flung it at 'em, en I tole um ef dey didn' git off my premusses ez fas' ez dey black heels could cyar 'em, dat I would sick de dogs on 'em.

Dey dodged de i'un, en hit nebber teched 'em, so I picked up a cheer en started to 'em to bus 'em bofe op'n en spile dey noggins; I tell you dey jumped up en made fer de do' in a hurry.

Jis ez soon ez dey turned dey backs, I grabbed up a pot er lye soap whut wuz bilin' on de fire, en jis ez dey 'gun to git out 'n de do' I po'ed de whole thing on 'em.

Haw! haw! haw! haw! Hit meks me laff

to dis day to think how dat ole man hollered en tuck on lak he wuz mos' kilt. Hit ruint de fine clo'se so ez he couldn' nebber war 'em no mo'. En Nervy! Hit duz me good to think how her beauty wuz spilt. De lye et all de hyar off'n 'er haid en eyebrows, en jis ruint 'er face. Lawd, but she sho' wuz a sight! En bless yo' sole, honey, Ole Dobby hed done quit 'er 'fo' de week wuz out en wuz sparkin' roun' me ergin. He ac' mighty 'umble en say he nebber did lub dat yaller Nervy Brown, dat she wan' nuthin' but a common nigger, en dat he didn' hab no 'spec' fer no body but 'ristercratic niggers lak Miss Mouse. He say he en Nervy wan' sho' nuff mar'ied, dat dey wuz jis playin' a little joke, dat wuz all. Haw! haw! haw! Dobby sho' wuz a smaht ole nigger, but he couldn' git away wid Miss Mouse ergin. I knowd dat 'twan nuthin' cep'n he wuz need'n ernudder suit er clo'se, en I ain' notice 'im 'tall.

He wanter be 'gaged to me ergin; but I hed done fount 'im out, en I tell 'im he can't fool Miss Mouse but once.

So, honey, whin dey axes me ef I'm 'gaged to Dobby, I allers says: "Norm, norm, I ain' 'gaged to nobody but Gawd." Dat's whut I tell 'em, en dat's de truff, sho' ez I'm livin'.

Ole Dobby ain' nebber mar'ied ergin nuther.

He's hangin' roun' town actin' en shown' jis lak he useter; do he do look mighty po' en wo' out at de knees en de elbows.

I'm gittin' purty ole myse'f, en I'se gittin' mighty wrinkly, I specs, but I'se jis ez spry en sassy ez ebber.

Lawd, lemme pick up dat baskit en go long 'bout my bizness. I got a green parrysawl en a par' uv raid stockin's en a stiff bussom shirt to sell fo' dark.

Good-by, honey. You musn' fergit Miss Mouse 'bout Chrismus time. I gwine sen' my stockin' up to hang right by yo' baid fer a Chrismus gif'. You hyar dat, honey?

With that the "Little Black Merchant" took up her basket of old clothes and went her way.

**De Weddin' Whut Miss Mouse Wan'  
'Vited To**



## DE WEDDIN' WHUT MISS MOUSE WAN' 'VITED TO

You ain' nebber hyeard er dat weddin' whut Miss Mouse wan' 'vited to, is you? Dar ain' nebber been but one, en dar nebber will be ernudder whut Miss Mouse don' git a spechul invite to. Now dis de way hit all happ'n.

You ain' nebber hyar 'bout whut a fine goat I has, is you? Yas'm, he's a mighty fine goat, I kin tell you, en I come by 'im in a mighty funny way.

Some gintmuns had 'im downtown 'musin' deysebs wid 'im en 'is pranks one day, whin I come along. One uv 'em seed me en ax me if I'd lak to take a ride. He say de one dat rides 'im can have 'im, en dat all de mens wuz fyeard to git on 'im.

Den he say: "He's a mighty easy ridin' animal ef you can jis hold to 'im. Spos'n you try 'im fer yo'se'f, Miss Mouse; you looks lak you'd be a mighty graceful rider."

Co's he jis pokin' fun at me, but Miss Mouse ain' let nobody back 'er down yit. So I ups en says:

"Whut! who dat fyeard to ride dat ole Billygoat? Miss Mouse ain' fer one." En wid dat I jumped up on 'im en rid off. Co's he throw'd me two or three times, but I conquered 'im at las' en I ain' nebber enjoyed a ride mo'n dat in my life, wid all de clerks en white fokes runnin' out de stores to see Miss Mouse ridin' right down de middle er de street straddle uv ole Billy. He! he! he! I tuck 'em by surprise dat time sho'.

En sho' nuff, de gintmuns kept dey word, en give 'im to me, en I tuck 'im on home wid me. He's been a heep er sarvice en pleasure to me ever since. Fokes knowd 'im fer miles aroun', en dey allers call 'im "Miss Mouse's goat." Dey ain' never offered to take no liberties wid 'im either, kase dey know dat goat jis lak Miss Mouse, en wouldn' tek no foolishness off er nobody.

Lawd! but dat wuz one more goat! He wuz a goat right I kin tell you!

Well, as I wuz gwine on to tell you, hit all happ'n in dis way.

Ole Man Reuben Bev'ly wuz co'tin' Suk, en Suk she wuz actin' mighty uppity en indifferent, knowin' dat wuz de way to ag Ole Man Reuben on, en Reuben he wuz nigh 'bout distracted, en come to me en tell me de syptoms uv Suk,

en ax me to put some love powders on de candy whut he wuz gwine gib 'er. So I tuck it in de house, en shut de do' en ten' lak I wuz fixin' it up fer 'im. But de Lawd knows I ain' done a thing to it, kase I wan' no cunjer ooman, do' dey did gib me dat name, en whin once you done fooled people, you got to keep on foolin' 'em to make 'em enjoy deysebs.

So I tuck de candy back to Ole Man Reuben en tole 'im to be mighty keerful en not let none uv it fall on de groun', kase ef it did Suk's love would fall wid it. So he went off handlin' it mighty keerful en lookin' awful jubous.

Now Reuben made a mistake whin he got dat hard stick candy 'stid er some saf' cream draps; but he didn't know nuffin' 'bout Suk's toof whut 'ud ache 'er to deff en nigh 'bout run 'er crazy whin anything hard en sweet tech it.

When Uncle Reuben gib 'er de gret big red stick, it look so temptin' en tasty dat Suk couldn't 'strain herse'f, so she come down on it en crack a big piece off, en seem to be 'joyin' it might'ly, whin all on a suddin' she gib a yell, en jump'd nigh 'bout three feet in de air, en 'gun to runnin' 'roun' de kitchen hollerin' en screamin' en holdin' 'er haid in 'er han's, en



rubbin' 'er jaw lak she wuz gwine crazy; en all de time Ole Man Reuben wonderin' whut hed struck 'er.

When de pain ease a little, so ez she could talk, Suk turned roun' on de ole man en cussed 'im out fum haid to foot. She called 'im ev'y name she could think uv, en tole 'im not to ebber show 'is black muffle jaw'd face in her kitchen no mo', en ef she ebber see 'im slinkin' roun' her ergin wid 'is vile candy tryin' to run 'er mad wid de toofache, dat she'd piz'n 'im.

Suk, she wuz sho' mad dat time, en Ole Man Reuben did'n lose no time in gittin' out uv 'er way. He tuck hisse'f off in a double shuffle, I kin tell you, en he wuz dat troubled in his min' he nigh 'bout went crazy. En whut you reckon? He blamed de whole thing on me. Now wan' dat jis lak a man? Hit sho' *wuz* manly, kase I knows 'em en dey ways too well.

He said I played a mean trick on 'im, en dat stid er puttin' lub powders on de candy dat I put hate powders, en dat wuz whut turned Suk ergin 'im.

Dat's de way it is wid 'em. Mens is dat conceited en sot up 'bout deysebs dat whin dey goes en makes a mess uv sump'n, dey allers got a way to 'splain how somebody else

done it, spechully ef dat person am a good distance off.

Dat sho' hit Ole Reuben hard, en he nebber did fergib me, do' he en Suk made it up arterward, en Suk treated 'im tollerbul nice en 'sented to let de weddin' take place.

So Suk, she goes up to de big house to see Miss Helun en ax her 'pinion 'bout de weddin' 'rangements.

Miss Helun wuz settin' in de liberry readin', when Suk walked in en say good-mawnin', en ax er ef she mought speak wid 'er a few minutes. She say, "Miss Helun, I'se got sump'n to tell you dat I spec's gwine 'sprise you."

En she hung 'er haid to one side en look mighty foolish en mealy moufed. Miss Helun looked up en say:

"You don't mean to tell me that you's goin' to git mar'ied agin, is you, Susan?"

When she ax her dat, Suk throwed up 'er han's en laugh fit to kill. "Lawd! Lawd! Miss Helun, how you know dat so good 'dout nobody tellin' you? Hit sho' do beat all! Lawd hev mussy, but 'tain' no use tellin' Miss Helun nothin' kase, 'fo' Gawd, I b'liebs she knows mo'n de Bible."

Den Miss Helun say, "Who is it, Susan?" En Suk say, "Unk Reuben Bev'ly!" Miss

Helun look mighty 'stonished en say, "Why, Susan, I thought Uncle Reuben had a wife."

"Yas'm, he did," say Suk, "but she been daid gwine on nigh 'bout two weeks now, en Brer Reuben say ef he don' hurry up en git mar'id whilst de lonesome feelin's on 'im, dat he don' spec' de notion'll ebber strak 'im ergin.

"So I say to myse'f I better tek 'im while I could git 'im, kase Uncle Reuben is mighty well fixed up in de cabin over in de woods, wid a nice patch er collards a growin' in front er de house, en a string uv red peppers hangin' by de back do' to season 'em wid, en cyprus en mawnin' glory vines growin' all ober de front po'ch to make shade, en ev'ything so nice en handy whar his fus' wife Aunt Easter done fix up.

"Ef dar's one thing I lubs, hit's to see vines growing 'roun' a house. *Yas, m'am*, Aun' Easter sholy wuz a *good* han' wid plants en vines," Suk went on tellin' 'er. "She hed de growin' han', en ev'ything she tech jis seemed to shoot up so fast dat you could see it growin'.

"Yassum, dats de truf, en I got to studdy'n 'bout it, en I 'lows to myse'f I reck'n I better go ober to de cabin wid Reuben en he'p 'im tend 'em vines en flowers whut Aun' Easter done plant.

So I'se made up my min', Miss Helun. Seems lak I couldn' b'ar de thought er any other ooman eatin' dem nice juicy collards, en wastin' dem fine peppers whut Aun' Easter wuz so keerful to dry en hang up. Yassum, dat sho' would 'er been a pity."

"So you are goin' to make a fine match, are you, Susan?" Miss Helun ax.

"Nor'm, Miss Helun," Suk say, "Ole Reuben ain' much hisse'f, but he *is* right well fixed up, en all de wimmen fokes roun' is jis sparkin' roun' de ole man kase dey's hankerin' after dat nice cabin en dem sweet juicy collards; so I says to myse'f, de sooner I teks charge uv 'em de better. Lawd, yas'm, dat's all dey's arter, kase ev'ybody knows dat Ole Reuben *he* ain' much. Haw! haw! haw! Dat dey does."

Miss Helun, she seemed mighty tickled at whut Suk tell 'er, den she say, "Susan, is you ebber got a devo'ce from Jim yit?"

"Nor'm," say Suk, "I ain' got my devo'ce, but Jim he done got his'n long ergo; so you see dat's alright."

Den Miss Helun ax her whut she wan' fer a weddin' pressun'.

Now dat wuz jis whut Suk wanted to talk 'bout, en she tell Miss Helun dat if she got any white low naik dresses layin' roun', dat

she'd be much obleeged fer one. "Yas'm, I wants to be mar'ied in white, low naik en sho't sleeves," Suk say.

"How about de veil, Susan? Would you lak me to give you de veil fer my weddin' pressun'?" Miss Helun ax.

But Suk say, "Nor'm, I thankee, Miss Helun, I spec's to borry a veil fum Lou Jackson. I'd ruther to be mar'id in *hit*, kase hit's de one I wuz mar'ied in befo', en Unk Reuben's fus' wife wuz mar'id in it, so hit'll seem so nachul en homely."

Miss Helun laugh right sof' en ax if she reckon Lou would lend it to 'er.

"Yassum, Lou'll len' it to me, I knows. All de fokes whut mar'ies uses it. It's de onlies' one roun' hyar, en Lou's mighty kin' 'bout len'in' it. She ain' nebber hed no cause to use it herse'f, en I reckon she don' want it wasted. She got it a long time ago to be mar'ied in to dat pigeon-toed Ole Tony Wilson, whut use to hang roun' town, but Tony didn't wait fer de weddin'. He went off somewhar de day befo' en ain' nebber been hyeard fum since, so Lou's mighty good 'bout len'in' it; but she wouldn' sell dat veil fer nuthin' on earth. I spec's she's keepin' it thinkin' dat Ole Tony'll come back some-time, en dey'll be mar'ied. Dey say Lou ain'

nebber give out lookin' fer 'im yit, en do' she gitin' mighty ole en feeble she's jis lak a young gal in er co'tin days, de way she keeps 'ersef primp't up waitin' fer Tony."

So Miss Helun tell Suk she goin' to gib 'er de white dress, en dat she gwine fix 'er a weddin' bouquet to carry in 'er han' dat day.

Suk went off might'ly pleased, en tole Ole Man Reuben whut a fine weddin' de white fokes wuz gwine gib 'em. En Reuben step erroun' mighty big, en hol' his haid 'bove de other niggers, en wouldn' hardly speak to 'em.

Well, de day come en dar wuz pow'ful fine carryin's on. Ev'ybody turned out 'cep Miss Mouse, en she wan' 'vited. Reuben ain' nebber got ober de time when Suk cussed 'im out 'bout dat candy, en he en Suk 'low dey wan' gwine 'vite me to see 'em mar'ied.

But I hyeard all 'bout it, en dis de way hit wuz. Suk wuz all dressed up fer de 'casion in de white low naik pardy dress dat Miss Helun hed gib 'er. Hit wuz a mighty pretty frock, too, all trimmed wid lace, en long white ribbin streamers, en no sleeves ertall, jis little short puffs, en mighty becomin' to Suk's merlasses color.

Suk nebber did look ez fat ez she did dat dey, I hyar 'em say, do' she wuz one uv de heaves'

shouters in de chu'ch. You see de dress wuz a little too tight fer 'er, en dey done squz 'er in 'bout de wais' to git it fastened, en it bleegeed to run ober somewhar, so it come out 'bout de naik en arms. Suk wuz tight laced dat day! She sho' wuz. De veil wuz pinned on wid some er de pretties' white tisshy paper flowers, en de boquet wuz made er arbavity, en white verbenas, en lockspurs, en she hed on some er dem short white gloves one er de young mens done gib 'er. De kin' dey w'ars to de dances in de summer time.

✓ She made a right han'some picter, dey say, stan'nin' dar by de side er Reuben, whar hed on a ole long tail coat de Cun'l done gib 'im fer de 'casion. En dey wuz mighty highly parfumed, too. Suk hed a cake er sweet soap in 'er bosom, en Reuben hed done po'ed a whole bottle er cullogne on 'is hankcher, so dey wuz all in de style.

She en Reuben rid to chu'ch in de big hack wid de glass do's, en de maid er honer en de bes' man come long behine in a buggy drivin' Unk Reuben's ole gray mule. When dey got dar, Unk Reuben walked in *fus'*, wid de maid er honer on his arm. Dey walked right slow, en de organ played "Ole Ship er Sion," but Ole Man Reuben's new shoes kep' up sech a racket wid



"Suk wuz lookin' down en blushin' mo' lak a sixteen-year-ole gal stead uv a big middle-aged widder"





dey cryin' you couldn' hardly hear de music. De maid er honer walked up mighty easy en quiet, kase she en Suk didn' hev on no shoes, jis white stockin's to match dey dresses.

Now, whut you laughin' at, Missie? Yassum, dat de way de gals allers does. Don' nebber war no shoes, jis white stockin's, dat's all. You see, dey blegged to be dressed in all white en dey can't git de shoes, so de white stockin's do jis ez well, en de feet don' show nohow, so it's jis de same.

Den Suk she come in on de arm er de bes' man, en dey say Suk wuz lookin' down en blushin' under de weddin' veil lak she ain' nebber been mar'ied befo', en mo' lak a sixteen-year-ole gal stead uv a big middle-aged widder.

Ev'ything seem to be passin' off mighty fine, en de preacher wuz jis 'bout de middle er de cer'mony, when a terrible noise wuz hyeard fum behine. Dey looked roun', en bless Gawd, hyar come a gret big billy goat buckity! buckity! buckity! down de aisle. En ev'ybody hollered out, "Lawd! Look dar at Miss Mouse's goat! Miss Mouse's goat! Lawd, jis look at 'im! Miss Mouse's goat!" Somebody hol-lered, "Ketch 'im! Stop 'im! Head 'im off, dar!"

En some er de niggers jumped ober de benches

en started down de aisle arter 'im; but dat goat wuz too quick fer 'em, en fo' de bride could look 'roun' to see whut de confusion wuz all 'bout, de goat hed done hit inter her fum behine 'en knocked 'er flat. Den he went fer de groom, en when he done butted him down, pitched into de preacher en gib 'im sich a butt wid dem long horns dat he went klar ober de pulpit smack down on top uv Suk en Unk Reuben! Dar dey wuz in a bunch, en fas' ez one uv 'em ud try to git up de goat 'ud butt 'im down ergin. One butt he give Suk wuz sich a pow'ful one, en she come down so hard, dat de ole rotten flo' broke through, en she, en de preacher, en Unk Reuben went through "per-bang," en fell right on de top uv a ole settin' hen whut hed gone under dar to hatch! En sich a poppin' er aigs (kase she'd been settin' on 'em a long time, en dey wan' right good) you nebber hyear in all yo' life; en de ole hen, madder'n a hatter, flyin' roun' peckin' fus' one den de other. Hit sho' wuz painful fer Suk, kase when de goat gib 'er dat las' lick, de strings whut laced up de dress in de back hed done bus', en dar wan *nuthin'* to stan' 'tween her en de hen.

When Suk en Unk Reuben en de preacher went through, ole Billy started in fer de congregation. En sich a screamin', en scramplin'

ober benches, en knockin' down uv one 'nudder you nebber see.

Po' ole Blin' Jerry couldn' see which way to go, so de goat thought he'd 'sist 'im de bes' way he could, so he tuck a long run en druv into ole Jerry lak a cow-ketcher, en sent 'im rollin' down de steps lak a rubber ball, en 'is ole hick'ry stick clatt'rin' down behin' 'im.

Well, suh, when I come up, de congregation wuz done cl'ared out, ole Blin' Jerry wuz layin' on 'is back in de ditch by de sidewalk groanin' en tryin' to git up, en de goat wuz in persession er de chu'ch, whilst dar under de flo' wuz de bride en de groom en de preacher tryin' to git deysebs tergedder en scrape off some er de grime en aig juice. Lawd he'p me! Haw! haw! haw! But dat sho' wuz a sight!

When Unk Reuben see me, he call out: "Lawd he'p us! Miss Mouse, come git yo' goat en tek 'im home. Fer Gawd's sake, tek 'im away! He done bus' into de chu'ch en broke up de weddin', en nigh 'bout kill me, en Suk, en Brer Marshall." Wid dat Ole Reuben broke down, he so mad thinkin' 'bout it, en so bruised up he couldn' hardly talk.

I ten' lak I ain' hyearin' a word, en I walk up mighty mannerly lak ain' nuthin' 'tall happ'n, en I say: "I'se mighty sorry to be

late to de weddin', Unk Reuben, but I saunt a *member uv de family* instid." En I laugh a little low kinder laugh en look mighty innocunt.

When I say dat, Unk Reuben saw through de whole thing, en he wuz mad 'nuff to eat me erlibe; but he knowed he gotter be mighty perlite en easy to git me to tek de goat off. So dar he wuz, skayeard to put mo'n 'is haid through de flo' fer fear de goat would butt 'im back, en usin' all er 'is bes' persuashuns wid me to try en git me to tek 'im off.

So arter I hed shook han's wid de bride en groom en congraterlated 'em on dey fine weddin', me en ole Billy bid 'em good-by en walked off tergedder.

Dat sho' wuz a funny weddin', want it?

Some fokes say dat dey wan' mar'ied, en some say dat dey wuz; but Unk Reuben wuz fyeard to try it ergin, fyeard Miss Mouse 'ud play ernudder trick on 'em, en dey live along mighty peaceful en happy in Reuben's cabin jis de same, en wuz a specterbul cullud couple en mighty good chu'ch members.

I sez, co's Suk en Reuben is mar'ied, kase dat part uv de cer'mony whut de preacher ain't performed, de goat performed, en 'twuz a mighty fine performance, I kin tell you.

Lawd! Lawd! dat hit wuz.

**How Miss Mouse Sold Ole Reuben's  
Weddin' Coat**



## HOW MISS MOUSE SOLD OLE REUBEN'S WEDDIN' COAT

DID I ebber tell you how I 'sposed uv Ole Reuben Bev'ly's long tail coat? De one he was mar'ied in?

Hit wuz a mussiful ac' uv Providence whut tuck it off'n my han's. I hed been car'yin' it roun' fer nigh 'bout two years tryin' to git shet uv it, but ev'y time I pull it out'n my baskit en call 'tention to whut a fine coat it wuz, en whut a good bargain I wuz lettin' 'em hab it at, dey'd jis sniff up dey noses and grin from year to year en say: "Eh! eh! Dat's Ole Reuben's weddin' coat! Eh! eh! eh! Nor'm, I thankee, I don' b'liebe I needs it to-day."

De same thing happ'n ev'y time. Ev'y-body I show'd it to would know it de minute dey sot eyes on it, en 'twuz de same thing ober en ober.

"Ole Reuben's weddin' coat! He! he! Ole Reuben's weddin' coat! Nor'm, I thankee, Miss Mouse," en sniff up dey noses.



You see dey knowed de hist'ry uv it, en 'bout de aigs, whut hed bus' on it, en dar wan' one uv em dat would ez much ez try it on.

Well, I wuz beginnin' to think I'd hab to tek it back to Reuben en Suk en tell 'em to keep it fer dey gran'chillun to gib 'em a little idee er de kind uv a weddin' dey gran'maw en gran'paw hed; kase while de aig stains hed been washed out, de spots wuz still dar to speak fer deysebs in mo' ways dan one, en 'twould er been a nice little soubeneer fer de chillun to hab. He! he! he!

I wuz jis on de pint uv takin' it back when I hed a call fum Ole Bob Pann'l.

He come in en sot down, en he say, "Miss Mouse, I'se come to tell you dat I'se made up my min' to run fer de legislater."

"What dat you say, you big ole long-eared, muffle-jaw'd black nigger man?" I cried, so 'stonished dat I couldn' see straight.

"I say," sez he, "I'se hyar to 'nounce dat I'se made up my min' to run fer de legislater."

"En I'se hyar to 'nounce," sez I, "dat you'se a bigger fool dan I thought you wuz. You'se a reg'lar *Tomfool*," sez I, lookin at 'im lak I'd lak to shake some er dat tomfoolery out'n 'im.

He sorter grin en say:

"En I'se come hyar to-day to ax you to he'p me out a little."

"He'p you out? Yas, dat I will he'p you out'n dis house en in a mighty big hurry, en ef you lets any de white mens uptown hyar you talkin' dis way, dey'll he'p you out'n dis county faster'n you ebber come in it, I kin tell you.

*"Runnin' fer de legislater!"* I say!

"You'll be runnin' fer yo' life when de white folks gits behin' you."

Wid dis I jis lay back in my cheer en laugh twell I cried.

Ole Bob he mighty pyeart do, en he ain' sot back a eench. He jis kinder stroke 'is chin en look ez big en po'tly ez ebber, en say:

"Yas'm, Miss Mouse, I thought I'd git you to he'p me a little in dis way. I wants to git dat long tail coat fum you to mek my speeches in. Whin a gintmun meks speeches, he bleeg't to hab on a long tail coat to mek de folks respec' whut he sez."

"Lawd, Bob," sez I, laughin', "ain' no long tail coat or nuthin' else gwine make folks b'lieb whut *you* say, kase folks knows dat slipp'ry tongue er yo'n too well, en dey know hit'll tek mo'n a long tail coat to change dat."

Bob he sorter grin, but he ain' ruffle a feather, en he went on:

"I ain' got much ready money on han'," sez he, "but ef you'll let me hab it cheap, I kin pay you ha'f uv it now en de res' when I'se 'lected to de legislater, en I'll gib you a wait note or a lean note whichever one you'd ruther hab to dat effec'."

"Huh! You ain' gwine git dat coat on credit, I kin tell you, not fum Miss Mouse. Not on talkin' 'bout bein' 'lected to de legislater! Now ef you wuz talkin' 'bout bein' 'lected to de cotton-fiel', dat 'ud be sump'n lak it, kase dat's de onlies' thing you ebber wuz 'lected to, en hits de onlies' thing you ebber gwine be 'lected to lessen some er de white fokes gits you 'lected to de coal mines 'count er some er yo' meanness, en tryin' to git above yo'se'f." I stop a minit en look at 'im lak he wan' no mo'n de dirt on de groun'.

Den I thought I better ease down on 'im a little, kase hit would be sich a fine chance to git rid er dat ole long tail coat, en I say:

"When a man's sot on mekin' a fool uv 'imse'f, dar ain' nobody whut kin stop 'im, so I reck'n I better let you try dat coat on en see how it fit.

"Twuz Ole man Reuben's, en I reck'n hit'll fit one fool 'bout ez well ez twill ernudder."

So I brings it out to 'im, en Ole Bob, he

puts it on, en buttons it up en struts roun' to lemme admire de fit.

I look at 'im mighty admirin', turnin' my haid fus to one side den to de yuther.

I hed made up my min' to tickle de ole man up a little en git a fine price fer de coat.

"I'll declar', Brer Bob, dat coat sho' is becomin' to yo' figger, en de color jis suits yo' complexion. Walk off dar a little piece en lemme see how it fits in de back."

Ole Bob strut off wid 'is haid in de air, en steppin' mighty proud.

"I wish you could jis see yo'se'f fum de back, Brer Bob, hit flaps roun' yo' knees so graceful. Jis lak de preacher fer de worl'."

Bob looked mighty pleased at dat en I hed to stop a minnit en turn my haid away to keep 'im fum seein' me laughin'.

"I declar', Brer Bob," I went on, "you oughter war' dem kind er coats all de time. Dey sho' is becomin' to yo' style. Dey meks you look right tall en awk'ard, I declar' I"

Bob he so taken up wid 'mirin' hisse'f in de glass, en struttin' roun' to mek me praise 'im, dat he done loose 'is haid altogether, en ain' nebber ax de price.

So I thinks I'll jis 'muse myse'f a little longer, en I call out:

"Brer Bob, gib us a speech lak dem you gwine mek when you runs fer de legislater."

De ole man he mighty willin' to practise up a little, so he walked out to de middle er de flo' en mek a bow. Den he 'gun to goin' through wid a lot er monkey shines, en rarin', en snortin', en grittin' 'is teef, en carryin' on lak he wuz habin' a fit, en I so tickled I 'mos' kill myse'f laughin' at 'im.

He say dat's de way you got to do to skeer de niggers into votin' fer you, dat he's seed de white fokes do it a hundred times en he allers notice dat de one whut hollers de loudes' en rar's de mos' is de one whut gits de mos' votes.

"Yas'm," he say, "dat's de way dey does whin dey goes ober de county on de stump."

"Whut dat you say, you ole black deceiver? When dey goes roun' de county on a stump? Now whut kind er talk is dat? Who ebber hyeard uv gwine roun' on a stump? Dat's mighty foolish talk, Brer Bob. I spec' yo' haid ain' jis right dis mawin'. I'se mighty fyeard dem polertics done 'fected yo' min'."

Bob he look mighty knowin' en mighty 'mused, en say:

"Yas'm, Miss Mouse, dat's whut dey calls it. De committee done call on me de fus' er las' week en invite me to tek de stump, on beha'f

er de cullud race, kase dey say de race got to rise, en dey know I kin raise 'em, kase dey say I wuz de loudes' argifyer in de county."

"Well," sez I, "when I goes roun' de county, I rides on a mule, or in a wagin, en sometimes I walks, but Brer Bob, he gwine set a new style. Dat'll be a mighty new-fashioned hoss, I kin tell you. I sho' wants to see you whin you'se ridin' roun' on dat stump.

"You better be mighty keerful lessen hit throw you.

"Huh! I spec's hit's gwine be a mighty rotten stump an' a holler one at dat, wid a hole in de bottom big ernuff to ketch you whin you falls through. He! he! he!

"I think de bottom er dat stump gwine fit cher better'n de top, Brer Bob."

So I went on worryin' 'im fer a while, den I draws his 'tention roun' to de coat ergin, en I tells 'im de price, but dat he got to pay ev'y cent uv it cash, dat I ain' gwine tek no wait note, nor no lean nor fat ones neither, fer dat long tail coat. "Ain' nuthin' but de spot cash gwine tech it," I say.

Brer Bob say dat de price too high, dat he ain' got de money.

I tell 'im all right, he better not git it den, dat Unk Mose Brown want it anyhow.

Well, I agged 'im on by ten'in lak I didn't keer 'bout sellin' it, twell he jis made up his min' he gwine hab dat coat or bus' a trace.

So he 'gun to usin' all 'is persuashuns, en to talkin' mighty fine en seemly. Den he 'gun to argifyin' 'bout de note bein' jis ez good ez de money, kase he's boun' to be 'lected, en den he gwine be mekin' fo' dollars a day, en de note gwine read dat de secon' ha'f er de money wid intrus gwine be pay'ble out de fus' fo' dollars dat he meks in de legislater.

Den he jis went on. He say I'se sich a good business ooman dat I oughter see whut a fine 'rangement dat is. Dat I got sich a smart haid on my shoulders en sich a keen eye fer good 'vestments, dat I kin see in a minut dat hit 'ud be a fine trade.

I let 'im go on ten'in dat I wuz mighty hard to persuade. So he talked, *en* he talked. After awhile I 'gun to come roun' a little. Den I giv in lak he done overcome me by 'is fine argiments, en I 'greed to de 'rangement.

So Ole Bob pulled out ha'f de money en went off to git de note writ en signed. In a little while he come back wid it all fixed up. He gib it to me en tell me to be mighty keerful not to loose it, dat it wuz ve'y vallerbul; en he

turn 'is haid to one side en wiped off a smile—jis so——

I winked to myse'f en gib 'im de coat, en he walked off in it thinkin' he 'bout de smartes' nigger in town to outwit Miss Mouse. Dat's sumpin' ain' no other nigger ebber done, en he felt mighty proud. He walked lak he ain' nebber wo' nothin' but long tail coats in his life, en I could see 'im jis grinnin' en huggin' hisse'f 'bout de fine joke he done play on Miss Mouse, passin' sich a note ez dat on 'er.

Bob thought he wuz a mighty sly ole rascal, but I knowd whut de ole bow-laigged villyun wuz up to, en I jis sot back en chuckle, kase he done paid me three prices fer dat ole coat already, en I 'low I gwine hab a little fun wid dat note fo' I wuz done wid it.

When Bob got mos' out er sight, I goes to de do' en hollers at 'im: "Dat ole coat's a mighty fine jedge uv aigs, Brer Bob, en I spec's it's gwine hab some mo' sperunce wid 'em 'fo' you's done wid yo' polertics."

Bob didn' understan' whut I say, but he thought uv co's I wuz passin' some fine compliment on de fit of dat coat, en he turn round en grin en mek me a deep bow en tech his hat.

Lawd! Dat ole fool Bob Pann'll! He sho'



wuz de bigges' ebber been raise in Hale County.  
Dat he wuz, en so light-haided, he'd er blow'd  
away long ago ef he hadn' er had sich a solid  
underpinnin'.

**Long 'Bout Cane Grindin' Time**



## LONG 'BOUT CANE GRINDIN' TIME.

'Twuz long 'bout de middle er de fall whin us hed dat frolic out to Ole Marse Peter Av'ry's, en 'twuz de fines', pretties' season I ebber see.

Seem lak de summer hed jis made up 'er min' dat she wan' gwine budge a eench, en fer all Mr. Fall's tryin' to skeer 'er wid 'is puffin', en blowin', en blust'rin', she jis hel' persession er de earth en smile 'er sweetes' smile.

De only thing dat Mr. Fall could do wuz to turn de leabs red en yaller, en ripen de nuts en de 'simmons. Long ez he didn' hab nuthin' else to do, he devote 'is 'tire time to de colorin' up er de yearth; en he made a fine job uv it. You see he so mad 'bout Miss Summer not gittin' out uv 'is way dat he hed to wuck mighty hard to keep fum losin' 'is temper en blowin' ev'y-thing to pieces.

'Twuz de pretties' fall I ebber see. De trees all look lak dey wuz dressed up fer a pardy. De Black-eyed Susans en de Ferginia creepers look lak dey tryin' to tek de earth, en de sweet gum trees en de sas'fras bushes wuz jis tryin' to outshine each other. Dar wuz bright colors

ev'ywhar, en de sweetes' scents in de air fum de muscadines en may-pops en fox grapes.

Dat wuz sho' a nice fall, en Miss Mouse jis lak to prow'l roun' mongst de bushes en broom-sage en look at ev'ything decked out so fine.

Dey made fine craps dat fall, en ev'ybody wuz in a good humer. Dar wuz de bigges' sorgum crap ever wuz made in de country, en ev'ybody wuz busy grindin' cane en makin' 'lasses fer de winter.

Whin Marse Peter Av'ry wuz 'mos' through grindin', he said de niggers hed been so good en hed wucked so hard dat he wuz gwine let 'em hab a little frolic de las' night, en a supper wid plenty er good fresh sorghum to sop wid dey braid.

So all de niggers wuz 'vited fum all 'roun', en dey all say dey couldn' git on widout Miss Mouse, dat uv co'se Miss Mouse hed to be dar, or it wouldn' be nuthin' 'tall. So I tell 'em all right, I'd be dar ef I libbed en nuthin' happ'n.

Dar wuz sho' a big crowd dar dat night, en dey wuz all dressed to kill. Dem whut hed charge uv de grindin' wuz beatin' up de mules en tryin' to hurry it up, so ez dey could git through en jine in de dancin' en games.

'Twuz a mighty cl'ar night. De moon wuz 'bout half full, en wuz shinin' through de trees

en lookin' mighty wise lak she wuz dar to keep things straight.

De light fall mighty sof', en de mules tu'nin' de big wheel look right ghos'ly in de dim light, gwine roun', en roun', en roun'.

Dar wuz fokes dar fum ev'y which away dat night. Dar wuz Ole Unk One-Ormed Dick, en Ole Blin' Jerry, wid 'is stove-parchin' gubbers, en sellin' 'em five cents a bag, en dar wuz de White-Eyed Johnsons fum up in de hills, en Ole Peg-Leg Torm, en Bussly Mose, Long Anne, en Unk Shilo, him whut drives de hacks en cabs, en so many mo' I ain' got breff to name 'em; but it seem lak de niggers fum all de plantations 'roun' about wuz dar, young uns, en ole uns, en middle age, en chillun, en babies, en a whole layout uv frisky young gals wid dey stiddys jis friskin' en flauntin' deysebs 'roun' 'twell hit wuz scan'lous. En dar wuz dat strange, light-skin city nigger, whut hed jis come fum Chattynooogy de week befo', airin' hisse'f roun' lak he wuz sump'n, en actin' dat scornful to'des de other niggers 'twuz jis shameful. He wouldn' answer *nobody* less'n dey call 'im "Mr. Hannibul Gustus Jinkins." He say he jis come to de country fer 'is health. Lawd, but dat nigger wuz one mo' fool. He wuz a born fool en nebber hed outgrow'd it.

Den dar wuz M'lissa Morse, who didn' hab no eye fer nobody else but Mr. Hannibul Gustus Jenkins, en nigh 'bout runnin' Andy Croom en Ike McGehee crazy. Both uv 'em wuz plum 'stracted 'bout M'lissa, en nigh 'bout broke dey win' tryin' to please 'er, in spite uv 'er carryin's-on wid dat strange yaller nigger.

M'lissa wuz a fine lookin' gal, en she car'ied it wid a high han', foolin' all de men roun' hyar to deff, en not givin' none uv 'em no answer, jis seein' how long she could keep 'em hangin' on, en keep 'em fum de yuther gals.

Lawd! Lawd! Hit remin' me uv my young days. Miss Mouse, fer all she wuz so little, had a mighty tekin' way wid de mens, en she understood jis how to lead 'em on en mek 'em mek fools er deysebs; but whin dey talk 'bout gittin' mar'ied, she'd sen' 'em 'bout dey business mighty quick, en tell 'em she blieb dey gwine crazy to think she'd mar'y 'em, dat she ain' got no notion uv mar'yin' nobody. Haw! haw! haw! Miss Mouse wuz a honey in dose days, en de bees dey knowd it.

So dar it 'twuz, Ike, en Andy, en de city nigger runnin' a race fer M'lissa, en she tossin' 'er haid, en puttin' on airs, en rulin' ober 'em lak a queen.

Arter awhile dey wuz playin' "King Willum."



**"M'lissa wuz a fine lookin' gal, en she car'ied it wid a high han' "**





M'lissa wuz in de ring, en whin dey stopped singin' fer 'er to choose 'er pardner, she walked right up to dat town dude nigger en tuck 'im in.

Whin he try to kiss 'er—you know dat's de way de game is—she didn' try ve'y hard to dodge 'im, en 'fo' you know it he'd done flung 'is orms roun' 'er naik en gib 'er a good one. En dar wuz Andy en Ike lookin' on en mad ernuff to bile over. But whin she come out de ring, blushin' under her yaller skin, en poutin' a little en tryin' mighty hard to look lak she wuz mad, she come en took 'er place in de ring by Andy, en look up at 'im en gib 'im a smile, en went all roun' holdin' 'is han'. Dat sorter pacerfy Andy, en whin she wuz in de ring ergin she took Ike in.

So dar she wuz, jis runnin' fus one uv em crazy den de other, en keepin' 'em all prancin' roun' 'er lak blin' ijuts to gain 'er faver.

But ev'ybody seed dat she wuz plum car'ied away wid de yaller town nigger. Arter she'd kept her little game up twell she wuz tired, she gib Andy en Ike de go-by, en wouldn' notice 'em no mo'n ef dey wan' livin'.

So dey slunk off by deysebs tryin' to console one nudder, en mad ernuff to kill dat strange nigger.

Dat lef' de fiel' to Mr. Hannibul Gustus

Jinkins, en he wuz jis rarin' back pullin' out 'is red pocket hankcher, en twis'in' 'is mush-tash, en struttin' roun' in dem yaller plaid briches lak he wuz de onlies' man in de worl' en dem wuz de onlies' briches.

He hed say whin he fus' come to town dat dem big plaids wuz all de go, en dat he wouldn' w'ar no other kin'.

Hit sho' did mek de other niggers feel bad kase dey didn't hab none lak 'em.

Mr. Hannibul Gustus Jinkins done made sich fools uv dem niggers wid 'is talk bout de style dis, en de style dat, en de other, dat dar wan' one uv em whut wouldn' er mortgaged de las' thing he had on earth fer dem yaller plaid pants.

So de high-toned nigger en M'lissa wuz jis a-goin' it, en Mr. Hannibul Gustus Jinkins wuz holdin' 'is haid mighty high en not seein' nobody or nuthin' but M'lissa.

Arter awhile he ax M'lissa wouldn' she lak to tek a little promernade. M'lissa say she b'lieb she ruther hab a little *lemonade*. So dey started to'des whar de *lemonade* stan' wuz, en Hannibul Gustus wuz steppin' mighty high, en bendin' down en fannin' M'lissa, en whisperin' to 'er mighty sof' en sweet.

Jis ez dey got by de cane mill, M'lissa's shawl

fell off one shoulder, en Hannibul Gustus stepped aroun' mighty sprightly en graceful to fix it fer 'er.

He so tak'n up tryin' to act stylish, en 'is baid so high in de air, he ain' seed de long trench by de mill whut dey use to put de scum in whin dey skims it off er de 'lasses, en whin he tryed to step roun' to de other side he step right in de trench er 'lasses scum! He! he! Hit wuz so sud'n, en hit took 'im so by surprise, he los' 'is balance en fell ober backward flat on 'is back in de trench.

Den sich a flound'rin en floppin' roun' ez dar wuz! He! he! he! En all de niggers killin' deysebs laughin', en so glad to see dat dude nigger in sich a fix. One uv 'em called out: "Mr. Hannibul Gustus, you look mighty sweet!" En ernudder one say: "Sweet ernuff to eat;" en all de while Hannibul wuz tryin' to pull out de trench; but it wuz so slipp'ry en miry dat he'd fall back ev'y time en jis go deeper en deeper. Hit sho' did gib de niggers a heap er fun to stan' off en see Mr. Hannibul Gustus Jinkins wallerin' roun' in de scum wid dem yaller pants on, en drippin' wid 'lasses fum haid to foot.

Dey jis laid down en hollered. Co's dey he'p 'im out arter awhile, arter dey hed dey fun,

but dey wuz laughin' all de time, en makin' all kin' er jokes about it, en dat Hannibul Gustus looked jis sick ernuff to go to bed! He! he! he! He sho' hed a sickly spression on his face whilst dey wuz helpin' 'im out. Andy en Ike wuz de main ones he'pin' 'im. Dey so glad dem yaller pants wuz ruint, dey willin' to do all dey can fer 'im. He! he!

Well, dat dude nigger sho wuz brought down. He say he reckon he better go on home en change his clothes. En de las' I seed uv 'im he wuz jis hittin' de grit ober de low groun'.

En dat gal M'lissa! she de mos' heartless wench I ebber see. She de bigges' one laughin' at Mr. Hannibul Gustus whin he fell in de scum, en whin he come out jis drippin', she hel' 'er skirts in right clost, en run off fer fear he'd tech 'er en ruin 'er pardy dress. Den she giggle en say: "Mr. Jenkins, you tole me you wan' no Baptis', but I specs you done change yo' min'." En ev'ybody jis hollered. Hit done Ike en Andy so much good, dey jis roll ober on de groun' en hed a fit laughin'.

Now wan' dat de mos' onfeelin' way fer Miss M'lissa to treat her beau? Dat, too, arter he'd done spent all his money treatin' 'er to lemonade en gubbers, en hed tired hisse'f down tryin' to wait on 'er de whole evenin'.

But dat gal M'lissa Morse wuz sho' hard-hearted en onfeelin' whin it come ter mens. She thought all dey wuz put hyar fer wuz fer her to 'muse herse'f wid 'em, en she didn' keer how she done 'em. Dat's a fac'.

Well, suh, dat new fashion' baptisin' er Mr. Jenkins furnished de niggers wid so much fun dat dey jis couldn' settle down no mo'. Hit jis seem to stir 'em up en make em split de win' wid dey jiggin' en coonshinin'.

Arter awhile Marse Peter saunt out a jug er good ole No'th C'liny rye, en dat jis liben up de niggers all de mo'. Dem sho' wuz high times dat night. Dey sho' wuz. En dat wuz de bes' whisky I ebber tas'e. De minnit I swaller it, it went to my haid en it sho' made me happy, I kin tell you.

'Twan' long 'fo' I hed jined in de dance en wuz kickin' ez high ez any young gal dar.

Seem lak dat drink jis car'ied me back to my young days in Ferginny, en 'twan long 'fo' I wuz givin' em de pigeon-wing, en de "dog-short," en bless yo' soul, honey, 'fo' I wuz done wid it I hed done "pulled-de-root" en "beat de mule," en kicked off all uv dem ole-time dances lak a sixteen-year-ole.

De spell wuz sho' on me dat night lak hit use to be in my young days, en I wuz in sich a

humer fer dancin' it seem lak I jes couldn' keep my feets still. De ole debble wuz sho' strong in me dat night, en he kep' me goin' it to suit hisse'f. So I kept on jes a steppin' it off, en 'fo' I knowed whut I wuz doin' I wuz gibbin' 'em de snake dance. Dat's a queer kin' er dance dat a ole cunjer ooman taught me in Ferginny, whin I wuz a young gal. En de Lawd knows hit's a turrible dance. I nebber would er danced it in de worl' ef dat whisky hedn' gone to my haid en made me so libely. But Lawd! 'Twon' do no good to talk now, kase ole Nick en de whisky hed persession uv me dat night, en 'fo' I knowed it I hed done hist my skirt up on de right, en crossed my feets en started off. Well, suh, I danced, en danced, 'twell I dropt in my tracks en couldn' dance no mo'. Dem niggers hed'n nebber seed hit befo' en dey wuz plum car'ied away wid it. En Lawd bless yo' soul! 'Fo' I knowed it de las' one er dem gals wuz histin' dey skirts, en crossin' dey feets, en tryin' dey bes' to git de steps! Lawd he'p me! but de Ole Boy hed 'is han's full dat night sho'.

De niggers wuz havin' sich a good time en jes a-dancin', en a-jiggin', en pickin' de banjo so 'twell hit look lak dey nebber wuz gwine stop, en 'twuz nigh 'bout daybreak 'fo' de



**“ So I kept on jes a steppin’ it off, en ‘fo’ I knowed whut I wuz doin’, I wuz gibbin’ ‘em de snake dance ”**





pardy broke up en we started off to'des home.

Holy Moses! Dat sho' wuz one mo' night, en de *funnies'* thing happen on de way home!

We wuz comin' 'long through de low groun' whar Marse Peter plants 'is sugar cane en always hes it closed in wid wire, when we see sump'n yaller hangin' on de bob wire. Hit hed a mighty familyus look 'bout hit, en when we got up closter to 'zamine into it, dar waz de seat er dem yaller pants uv Mr. Jinkins whut hed done kotch on de wire whilst he wuz goin' under, en he wuz in sich a hurry he jes' went on en lef' em dar. Haw! haw! haw! I thought dem niggers ud kill deysebs laughin'. Hit done 'em 'mos' ez much good ez de whisky, dey seem to 'joy de joke so.

Dat po' fool town nigger sho' hed a time dat night. He! he! He sho' did! Well, suh! Dat sho' wuz one mo' night, en de nex' day I hed a mighty let-down feelin' en wuz mighty stiff 'bout de knee jints; but I wan' gwine tell nobody, en I walked 'bout mighty spry, ten'in' I wuz feelin' mighty good arter de exercise de night befo'. He! he!

Well, all dat day ain' nobody seen or hyeard nuthin' er Mr. Jinkins, en I 'gun to wond'rin'

yaller pants en slipped away in de dark, en he ain' nebber been hyeard uv sence. But dat part uv 'im whut wuz lef' on de wire fence stayed dar fer many a day, en ev'y time de niggers 'ud pass it dey'd tek off dey hats en bow mighty perlite en say: "Good-mawnin', Mr. Hannerbul Gustus Jenkins! How you do to-day?" en nearly kill deysebs laughin'.

**How Miss Mouse Got Away With the  
Preachers and Elders**



## HOW MISS MOUSE GOT AWAY WITH THE PREACHERS AND ELDERS

WHAT all dat you talkin' 'bout, chile? I ain' hyeard a word uv it. I jis settin' hyar studdy'n 'bout dat time when I got away wid de preachers an de elders, enjoyin' myse'f 'bout it jis same ez ef it happ'n yistiddy. Sometime when I ain' got nothin' else to do, I jis sets down en goes ober some er dem outdashus pranks I use to play, en hit does me good all ober. Miss Mouse sho' is been a libely gal in her day. He! he! Dat she is.

Now, it all come about jis disser way: De preacher en de elders hed hyeard 'bout how high Miss Mouse done kicked dat night uv de cane grindin', en 'bout her jinin' in de dance en cuttin' up so many shines en capers, en de preacher say sich a performance wuz unbecomin' a lady en a sister in de chu'ch. Dat it couldn' be overlooked or hit 'ud 'moralize de whole congergation. So he say he gwine call a meetin' uv de elders en dat dey gwine set in jedgement on Miss Mouse's carryin's-on uv dat evenin'.

Wal, suh! de news spread fum one een uv de town to de yuther dat de preacher en de elders hed fount out bout Miss Mouse's dancin' at de cane grindin', en dey wuz gwine meet en tu'n er out de chu'ch. I declar', honey, hit tore dat town up fum top to bottom. Wan' nothin' else talked 'bout 'cep' whut de preacher wuz gwine do 'bout Miss Mouse. Some uv 'em bet dat dey'd tu'n 'er out, en others said, "Ork-oe! Miss Mouse too smart fer dat." En dey wuz right, too. Miss Mouse ain' say nuthin'; she jis laugh en 'muse herse'f 'bout whut she gwine do. She ain' got no notion er bein' tu'n out de chu'ch en losin' her influ'nce en persition in de 'munerty atter she been runnin' things all dis time. Naw-suh-ree-Bob! Not when 'twan' nuthin' but a passul er mens to git aroun', en dem preachers en elders at dat.

So de preacher called de elders to meet at his house on de las' Saddy in de month, so ez dey could 'nounce de nex' day in chu'ch 'bout tu'nin' Miss Mouse out.

Wal, I knowd de time what wuz 'pinted, en I hid in de bushes back er de preacher's house en watched de elders go in. When dey wuz all gone in, I come out en crope down by de side er de house, whar dar wuz a crack in de wall, en

hid behin' de chimbly to hyar whut wuz gwine on. I put my eye to de crack, en I seen 'em all settin' roun' in a ring wid de preacher at one een, en all lookin' mighty downcas'. At fus' dey all seem too sorrerful to speak, en jis sot dar lookin' at one nudder.

At las' de preacher raise 'is voice en say: "Brothers, dis is a very solum ercashun," en dey all groan en say, "Amen! Or Lawd! Amen!" en groan ergin. Den de preacher lifted up 'is voice ergin en say: "Brothers, dis is a very solum ercashum." He let 'is haid fall in 'is han's en lean ober in 'is cheer, lookin' mighty thoughtful, en dey all groan louder'n ebber en pull out dey pockit hankchers en wipe dey eyes. Den de preacher riz up fum 'is seat en say ergin: "Brothers, dis is a very solum ercashun." ("Amen! Or Lawd!")

"We is come tergedder dis mawnin' to pass on de recent ongawdly carryin's-on uv Sister Mouse."

("Amen! Amen!")

"En we mus' jedge whedder she is done backslided or no. Brethren, backslidin' is a turrible thing, a awful thing."

("Amen!")

"Hit's de thing whut keeps hell fire a-gwine night en day, de thing whut's



wusser'n a roa'in' lion by day en a piller er fire by night."

("Or Lawd! Save us, Lawd!")

"Now de question is—en Brothers, dis is a very solum ercashum—is Sister Mouse done backslid?"

When he finish en sot down dey all look at one nudder en wait a little while lak dey's thinkin' en waitin' fèr de sperrit to move 'em. Den one er de elders riz up en say:

"Ef any er de elders has any charge to bring 'ginst Sister Mouse showin' dat she is done backslid en fell fum grace, let 'im now speak or else hereafter hold 'is peas'."

The Elders all look at one nudder ergin lak each one wuz waitin' fer de yuther to speak fus'. Den one uv 'em fum over in de right han' corner give a deep groan en ups en says: "Dey say dat Sister Mouse wuz sawed at de cane grindin' at Marse Peter Av'ry's in de very ac' uv engagin' in de ongawdly practice uv dancin'."

("Amen! Amen!")

Den ernudder one he riz up en say:

"Dar's fokes whut hyeard Sister Mouse singin' reel chunes dat night."

En ernudder one jump up en say: "En hit griebes me to say dat Sister Mouse so fur fergot herse'f ez to dance de dogshort, en pull-de-root,

en cut de pigeon wing." ("Lawd Gawd! Save us! Have mussy!") En sich a-moanin' en a-groanin' en carryin'-on you nebber hyeard in all yo' bawn days.

Den one uv 'em riz up en say dat befo' dey pass jedgement dat dey orter fus' look at de good pints er Sister Mouse's character, so ez ev'ything 'ud be fa'r en squar' in de sight er de Lawd, en he call on one er de other brothers to hold fo'th on dat subjec'. So he riz up en say:

"My brothers, I know you all lubs Sister Mouse lak a sister, en befo' we pass de jedgement dat dis po' wand'rin' lamb is done strayed too fur fum de fold to be brought back, I want to ax you a few questions. Now, I want to know who it is dat's de mos' pow'ful member uv de chu'ch in stirrin' up de moaners? Ef 'tain' Sister Mouse, who is it? Who is it, Brer Simpson?"

"Dat is de truf! 'Fo' Gawd she sho' is a mighty strong han' on wuckin' up de members," answer Brer Simpson.

"En I wants to know ef Sister Mouse ain't de one whut kin shout de longes' en holler de loudes' when de sperrit gripes 'er den any er de sisters whut he'ps wid de 'stracted meetin'?"

"She sho' kin," dey all say. "She sho' is a

fine shouter. Dat she is. Dar ain' nobody whut kin jump higher den Sis Mouse. Naw, dat dar ain't." En de elder went on wid 'is questions:

"Now, I wants some er you to tell me who it is dat's allers de one to pitch de chunes in de choir, en kin hist 'em higher'n de very roof er de chu'ch? You boun' to answer Sister Mouse. Who's de one dat's allers willin' to he'p wid her conterbutions fer de suppo't er de sarvents er de Lawd? Who's de one whut's allers ready wid sump'n to liven de hearts en comfut de stomachs uv de po' strivin' administers uv de gospul? Is dar ernudder member whut kin make ez good tater custards ez Sister Mouse, I lak to ax? We's all hed some 'sperience wid 'em, en we knows dat dey's mighty consoln'—mighty consoln'. En brothers, ef we turns Sister Mouse out de chu'ch—— Uh, my brothers, it pains me to think uv Sister Mouse en dem light hot biscuits," ("Lawd! Lawd!") "whut we may nebber tas'e ergin." ("Lawd he'p us! Uh-uh!") "Dem chicken pies en dumplins." ("Oh, Lawd!") "Dem batty cakes en sorghum 'lasses." ("Gawd hev' mussy on us!") "Dat gingerbraid en 'simmon beer," ("Jesus Christ!") "whut can't nobody make lak Sister Mouse, en whut she's

allers so ready to 'spence fer de comfortin' er de Lawd's sarvents." ("Yas, Lawd! dat's so!")

"Now, my brethren, de question is, ef Sister Mouse is done backslid, we ain' nebber gwine hab no mo' pleasure wid dem custards, en pies, en cakes" ("Lawd! Lawd!") "en befo' you makes yo' decishun, I wants to call yo' 'tention to one pint, en dat is on de subjec' uv chitlin' pones. Dar ain' a member er de chu'ch whut kin mek 'em lak Miss Mouse, en ev'y one er you knows dat to be a fac'. We's all done hed some right close 'quaintance wid 'em, en fum de mouf de heart speaketh

"Now, my brothers, I'se done held up to you de good pints in Sister Mouse's character, en now we got to see which weighs de mos', de good or de bad. I'se done splained to you de 'complishments er Sister Mouse in de chu'ch en in de kitchen, en now you's got to decide whedder you kin 'ford to cas' out sich a vallerbul chu'ch member to outer darkness, or whedder you'll hold out de han' er fergibness en sabe a 'mortal soul fum damnation."

He sot down, en de elders all set right still en quiet lak dey wuz thinkin' uv sumpin' dat made 'em mighty wishful. I winked to myse'f, kase I knowd he'd done overcome 'em, en I say: "Ork-oe! Whin you weigh Sis Mouse's

sins 'ginst her good cookin', I know mighty well which side gwine be de heavies', 'en I hold my sides en jis chuckle to myse'f. I seed a happy light pass roun' on de elders' faces en I knowd I wuz cleared; but Lawd! jis den up jumps a little fat, greasy-face elder fum over dar by de fireplace en say:

"You say dat Sister Mouse pulled-de-root at Marse Peter Av'ry's—well, we could er passed dat over; dat she cut de pigeon wing en danced de dog-short—well, we could er passed dat over; dat she sung reel chunes, en we could er got over dat, but, my brethren, she done *wusser'n dat*." ("Lawd! Lawd! He'p us!") "Sump'n dat'll send 'er right on down to hell fas' ez de debble kin carry 'er; sump'n dat'll condemn 'er to eberlastin' wailin' en grittin' 'er teeth. Uh, my brothers, hit's de wust uv all sins; hit's de mos' ongawdly uv all devices. Uh, my brothers, it wrings my heart to tell you. Dis is a mos' turrible concurrence. Hit'll strak you lak thunder en blind you lak lightnin'. My brethren, I trembles to tell you—uh, my brethren, Sister Mouse wuz seed at de cane grindin' at Marse Peter Av'ry's to *hist her skirt en CROSS her feets*."

When he say dat, you'd er thought dat sumpin' hed struck dem ole elders sho' 'nuff.

You nebber hyar sich groanin' en moanin' en wringin' uv han's, en grovelin' on dey knees, en pullin' dey hair in yo' life, en all de time callin' on de Lawd en beggin' 'im to spar' 'em en not strak 'em daid because one uv de sisters hed committed de onpardonable sin, dat dey wuz gwine cut 'er off lak de han' dat offen' jis ez soon ez dey could sharpen de knife er jedgement.

When things sorter quiet down a little, de preacher riz up en say: "We's all hyeard de awful charge 'gainst Sister Mouse, en do we wuz disposed to deal lightly wid de wand'-rin' lamb 'count uv her good pints en comfortin' ministrations to de sarvants er de Lawd, ef she crossed her feets en histed her skirt dar ain' nuthin' dat'll save 'er in dis worl' or de naix. Histin' hymns ain' gwine he'p 'er ef she's done histed 'er skirt. Brethren, hit's my painful duty to 'nounce dat Sister Mouse is done backslided."

Den dey all groan some mo' en passed de wud 'roun' dat Sister Mouse hed fell fum grace, en dey axed Brer Marshal to lead in pra'r.

Jist ez he wuz gittin' to de een er de pra'r, I crope 'roun' to de front po'ch, en when he finish en dey hed all riz up, I knocked on de do'.

"Come in," dey say. I s'peck dey thought hit wuz a angul come to jine dey holy comp'ny. I walked in lookin' mighty sweet en smilin', en 'stonished nearly to deff to see de elders.

"Well, I declar' you sho' is in good comp'ny to-day, Brer Marshal," I say. "Dis is a mighty pleasant s'prise to find de elders here, kase I wuz jis gwine 'roun' to 'vite 'em to a little supper whut I gwine gib to morrer night. I got a mighty fat tucky whut a frien' uv mine done brought me fum de cauntry, en I 'low to myse'f dat I'd gib a little supper to de preacher en 'vite all er de elders en deacons uv de church. I 'low to myse'f dat dey'd all stan' a little fattenin' up. He! he!"

Whin I say dat, dey all look at one nudder mighty sheepish, en I see dey moufs 'gin to waterin'. Den I knowd I hed 'em, so I jis make a right graceful curtsy en say good-by, en tell 'em I'd 'spect 'em percisely at eight o'clock, kase hit wouldn' do to let de shortcake en apple dumplin's git cold; en I went on off widout waitin' fer a answer; but I didn' hab no onaisiness 'bout my invitation bein' 'cepted. Naw, dat I didn'. He! he! he!

You see hit's a great thing fer a ooman to

know whin she's sed ernuff, en den to let things alone. Dat's de reason some wimmens is allers mekin' sich a mess uv things, kase dey don' nebber know whin dey's done hit de pint, en dey keeps on puttin' on steam, en puttin' on steam, en 'fo' dey knows hit dey's done blowed de whole thing to pieces.

Now, whin it comes to mens—all you got to do is to gib 'em a little tech in de right place en den come on off en let 'em alone. He! he! Dat's jis de way to wuck 'em; en dar ain' nobody knows it better'n Miss Mouse.

Wal, suh! I went to chu'ch de naix day dressed up pow'ful fine en feelin' mighty pyeart. Dar wuz de bigges' crowd ebber is been on Baptis' Hill fer to see Miss Mouse tu'nt out de chu'ch. I wuz settin' on de front bench right under de pulpit, big ez life, en when de preacher finish up 'is sarmon 'dout sayin' nothin' 'bout tu'nin' out Sister Mouse, hit wuz de wuss disappointed congergation whut ebber went out uv a meetin' house.

Dey said dat Miss Mouse hed cunjered de preacher en de elders. He! he! Lawd naw! I ain' cunjered 'em. Hit don' tek cunjer to wuck mens. All you got to do is to tech 'em in dey weak spot, dat's all. Jis you show me de ooman whut can' git away wid a man ef she



put 'er haid to it, en I gwine say she mighty slow en poky aisy.

Haw! haw! haw! But I b'liebs dat wuz de smartes' thing I ebber done in my life, gittin' away wid de preacher en elders dat way. Yas, Lawd, hit sho' wuz rale cute.

I didn' hab no tucky on han' sho' nuff, lak I said, so I hed to borry one out'n Miss Helun's coop dat night fer de 'casion. 'Twuz fer 'ligious purposes, you know, en I knowd 'twuz all right wid de Lawd. He! he!

Hit suttently wuz a nice supper. Dem preachers et 'twell dey couldn' hardly git home, en Miss Mouse ain' nebber hyeard no mo' 'bout bein' tu'nt out'n de chu'ch.

Dat's whut I allers says, ef a ooman is jis smart ernuff, she kin go on en do jis lak she please, en she ain' nebber gwine git in no trouble too deep fer her to git out.

With that Miss Mouse gave a very knowing wink from her left eye, picked up her basket and went her way.

**How Brer Bob Pann'l Ran fer de  
Legislater**





"Bob Pannell"



## HOW BRER BOB PANN'L RAN FER DE LEGISLATER

WELL, sho' 'nuff, 'twan long befo' ole Bob Pann'l come out en 'nounced dat he wuz runnin' fer de legislater, en hit sho' did stir up de cullud fokes en 'muse de white fokes.

Hit wuz a funny race, I kin tell you.

Ole Bob went all ober de country buttoned up in 'is long tail coat speechifyin' to de cullud fo'kes en tellin' 'em dey got to rise up ef dey ebber want to be elerbated. He say: "Dis black race got to rise. Dis *black* race *got* to rise, en, Brethren, I'se de one to raise you. I'se de one, Robert Pann'l; ef you foller me you'll sho' be raised. I'se de one to lead you out er de swamps en low groun' up de ladder uv glory halleluya en hail Columbia."

En so he went on jis stirrin' up de niggers mos' same ez a stracted meetin', tellin' 'em dey gwine be ruint ef dey don' 'lect 'im to de legislater to keep things straight, en keep de white fokes fum depressin' de niggers, en dat wuz de onlies thing whut would save 'em,

en a whole passul er sich lies; en some er dem niggers ain' hed no more sense den to b'leib 'im.

Wal, de day come when de niggers wuz goin' to hold dey meetin' to choose de man to run ergin de white man whut hed been nom'nated de day befo' whin de white fokes hel' dey meetin'.

I tell you Bob wuz jis steppin' it off dat day, speakin' en shakin' han's wid ev'ybody, en so sweet en pleasant to dem whut hed votes, en bowin', en scrapin' roun', en gibbin' a chaw er terbaccer to one en red lemonade to ernudder, 'twell you'd er thought all he wanted in dis worl' wuz to make other folks happy.

He sho' did fool dose niggers good; dey thought Bob wuz jis givin' 'em dat 'baccen en dat lemonade kase he loved 'em so; but Miss Mouse, she stan'in' off watchin' 'im, en she ain' sayin' a wud, jis musin' herse'f lookin' at Brer Bob makin' fools er dem other niggers. Brer Bob, he look ober my way en kotch my eye en gib me a mighty speakin' wink wid 'is lef' eye, en kinder grin out uv de corners uv 'is mouf, kase he knowd I see through de whole thing, en he jis much 'mused en 'joyin' de joke ez much ez Miss Mouse.

Well, de time come, en de meetin' wuz called. 'Twuz in de big cullud folks schoolhouse on

Baptis' Hill, en when de bell rung ev'ybody went in de house to hyar de speeches. Dar wuz de bigges' crowd ebber been seed on de hill. De niggers wuz jis lak so many swarms uv black-birds, en dar wuz a heap er white gintmuns in de back er de house whut say dey come to hyar de speeches; but Miss Mouse seed 'em settin' dar en she knowed dey jis dar to see de fun.

De fus' thing, arter de preacher opened wid pra'r, de persidin' elder, I reckon dat's whut you call 'im, say dey's dar to choose a man to persent 'em in de legislater, en fer 'em to name dey man.

Wid dat one uv ole Bob's frien's, whut he done trained befo' han', riz up right quick en say he nom'nate Mr. Robert Pannul to dat high office; en he went on talkin' a whole passul er trash 'bout whut a fine man Bob wuz, en whut a premuse en resunktions gintmun he wuz, en dat he wuz de mos' onresponsible en new-naminous member er de cullud race in de State; dat folks hed heard 'bout 'im fum de eas', en fum de wes', fum de no'th, en fum de south, en dat his name hed done gone all ober de State, twell it hed become one uv de mos' infamous names in de country. He stop right dar en pointed at Brer Bob, en say: "Dar he is, my brothers! Dar's de man to lead you up de hill! Dar he is, one er de mos' infamous citizens in de State."



Wid dat he sot down, en all Bob's frien's whut hed chawed 'is 'baccer en drunk 'is lemonade jis shout en holler twell hit wuz plum deefenin'.

Lawd ! but hit wuz turrible.

Hit wuz a mighty confusion ez uv many women.

Whin hit sorter quiet down, a right tall, black, slick lookin' nigger, whut hel' hisse'f mighty high en called hisse'f de edicater en reviser er de cullud race, riz up en make a long speech, tellin' 'em why dey orter not sen' Brer Bob to de legislater.

I nebber is hyeard sich talkin' in my life, hit mus' er been some furrin tongue he wuz usin', kase I ain' nebber hyar sich permiscous language befo'.

De niggers try to look mighty knowin', lak dey tekin' it all in, en unnerstan' de whole thing, en ole Bob wuz settin' on de platform, squirmin' en twistin' lak a flea wuz on 'im, en in a cole pusperation tryin' to git at whut dat black reviser wuz sayin' ergin' 'im. He knowd dat he wuz scandalizin' 'is reptation, but to sabe 'is life he didn' know whut he wuz sayin', kase he nebber hed hyeard all er dem big high-soundin' words befo'. Hit sho' wuz pitiful to see ole Bob so worried, en I wuz mighty fyeard dat tall black reviser wuz gwine to git away wid Brer Bob.

So de speaker jis ranted it off, tellin' 'em de kind uv man dey wanted fer de legislater. He got hisse'f all het up, en he r'ar back 'is haid, en stamp 'is foot en say:

"We wants fer de legislater a man whut is a MAN; we wants fer de legislater a *dissolute* man; er-r-r we wants fer de legislater a *diabolicus* man; *en we wants* fer de legislater a *ignoramuses* man." He hollered de las' words out so loud you could er hyeard 'em down in Potter's Bottom, en he come down on de table wid 'is fis' *ker-plum'*!

Wid dat ole Bob jumped up lak a match done strak 'im en sot 'im on fire. He swelled out en puffed en blowed 'twell 'is gallusses busted, he wuz so mad. He took a step to'des de nigger edicator, en shook 'is fis' at 'im, en hollered out so loud hit nearly took 'im off 'is feet:

"Who ebber says dat I'se not ez dissolute, en diabolicus, en *ignoramuses* a man ez dar is in Hale County, dat man he's a liar-r-r!" When he come to de las word, he fairly bellered it out, en stood dar lookin' lak he double dar' any man to dispute 'is wud.

Lawd! dat nearly set de white fokes crazy. Dey jis riz up fum dey seats en whooped en hollered, en clapped en shouted, en laughed

lak dey wuz at a side sho'. "Hurrah fer ole Bob! He tole de truf dat time! Dat's right, Bob! You got away wid 'im dat time! Hurrah fer Bob!" En dey laughed en dey hollered en dey laughed, en de niggers seein' how de white fokes wuz gwine on, thought dat Bob hed got de bes' uv de slick skin reviser, en dey jined in, too, en nearly bus' de house down clappin' en stampin' en hollerin "Hurrah fer Bob! Hurrah fer Bob! Go it, Bob! Go it ergin, Bob! Go fer 'im, Bob!" Jis seem lak dey could'n stop hollerin' en clappin', dey so pleased wid de way Bob done wolluped dat high-tone nigger.

En dat reviser, he hed to set down. He couldn' git in a wud edgeways, en ole Bob jis stood dar swellin' out 'isse'f in dat ole long tail coat en lookin' lak he done conquered de whole earth.

Well, suh, bless yo' soul, ole Bob hed done made sich a commotion, dat he carried de meetin' by storm, en nearly ev'y nigger dar voted fer 'im. Dat other nigger wuz plum squelched, en Brer Bob carried off de nom'-nation.

De niggers wuz mighty proud uv Bob, en dey gib 'im a big dinner arter de meetin'. Dey put 'em in a hack en druv 'im all roun' town.

Dey hed a torchligh' percession dat night, en dey blowed horns en rung bells lak it wuz Chrismus time, kase dis wuz de fus' convenchum de niggers hed ebber hed, en Bob wuz dey fus' cannydit.

Dem wuz turrible times, I kin tell you, en things wuz plum to' up in de county. Dar wuz a lot er common white men runnin' roun' en mixin' wid de niggers en tryin' to git 'em stirred up, en mekin' 'em vote en car'y on lak dey ain nebber done befo', en 'fo' you know it, dey hed done formed a nigger swosheration en dey say dey goin' to put de nigger on top.

Well, I say to myse'f: "Dat's all right. You kin show me de man whut kin put de nigger on top, but who gwine show me de man who can keep 'im dar?"

"Ork-or!" sez I, "Miss Mouse knows niggers too well to feel any onaisness bout dey gettin' too high up." She know dey ain' gwine gib much trouble 'long dat line. De trouble comes when dey gits too low down.

So things wuz goin' to suit Bob pow'ful well, en he wuz feelin' mighty good 'twell one night he hed a visit fum de Ku-Kluxes.

Is you ebber hyeard 'bout de Ku-Kluxes? Well, dey wuz de wus things ebber is been in dis country. Dey wuz lak ghos'es, only

wusser'n ghos'es; en ghos'es couldn' tech 'em whin it come to meanness en devilment. Lawd, dey wuz sho' a unearthly lot.

Dey wuz so tall you couldn' see to de top uv 'em, en dey didn' hab nuthin' on dey faces but eyes. Jis two gret big eyes uv fire. Dey wuz dressed in white fum haid to foot, en ev'y time dey moved dey bones would rattle en mek a cu'ous soun' dat hants does in a grabeyard on dark, rainy nights.

Yas'm, dey wuz ongawdly things, dem Ku-Kluxes wuz!

Hit wuz de funnies' thing how dey'd come up out'n de groun' widout a soun' en ride roun' on dey white horses 'twell dey done 'ten' to de business in han', den de groun' 'ud op'n up en swaller 'em ergin, en dey wouldn' come up no mo' 'twell de naix night.

Dem Ku-Kluxes sho' *wuz* awful, en whin dey git you 'twan' no use to holler or pray, kase dey wuz gwine put you through yo' paces 'fo' dey got done wid you.

Uh-um! Dey hed de niggers bout hyar so skyeard up, dar wan' one whut ud poke 'is haid out de do' arter dark, en de sight uv anything white comin' through de woods day or night 'ud gib 'em a cole chill.

Well, one night Bob wuz a little later den

common gittin' to'des home. He wuz walkin' long en mekin' steps mighty pyeart through de woods, kase night wuz fallin' en ez he tell ev'ybody he did'n lak to be out arter dark count uv 'is rheum'tism, en fokes jis humer 'im, en ten lak dey b'lieb dat wuz de reason ole Bob wuz allers so pertickler to git home 'fo' dark hyar lately.

So Bob he wuz jis mekin' time, en strakin' de earth in high places, whin jis ez he git to de middle uv de woods, he see sump'n white comin' to'des 'im, en 'fo' he hed time to ketch 'is breff de Ku-Kluxes hed 'im!

Dey cyvered 'im up wid a white sheet, en put 'im on a white hoss en vited 'im to tek a ride wid 'em. Dar wuz ober a thousan' uv 'em, en dey put Bob in de middle, en dey rid, en rid, en dey *rid*. Dey went so fas', en Bob's hoss wuz sich a hard trotter, dat hit lak to kilt de ole man.

Ev'y time 'is hoss ud slacken up a little, dey'd whup 'im up en so dey kep' on. Ole Bob got a mighty good shakin' up dat night, I kin tell you. He! he! he! En he nebber will fergit it.

Arter dey done rid de ole man 'twell 'is tongue wuz hangin' out en ev'y toof wuz loose in 'is haid, en he didn' hab none too many, dey

took 'im off en took 'im down side de creek. Dey stretched a rope cross de creek en tole Bob he got to walk de tight rope cross Big Creek. He! he! he! Dat ole black nigger walkin' a tight rope cross Big Creek! Wan' dat a sight? Dey say dey'd gib 'im three chances, en ef he didn' git across he'd hab to die. Bob he groan, but he ain' say nuthin'; he know tain' no use. So dey put 'im up en he started off.

Now Bob, he wuz mighty flat-footed, so he got long tollerbul well, 'twell he got to de middle er de creek, en hit look so deep en black his haid got dizzy en he los' 'is ballance en fell ober 'ker-splash! Bob so big en po'tly, whin he hit de water hit soun' lak thunder.

He went under, en whin he come up one uv de Ku-Kluxes drawed 'im out, en dey started 'im off ergin.

Dis time Bob got mos' to de other een. He wuz steppin' mighty skilful, kase he know he wuz walkin' fer 'is life. He hed got pas' de deepes' part en wuz feelin' hopeful, whin jis ez he lif' his lef' foot up mighty keerful to tek a step, a squinch owl hooted up in de trees 'bove de creek, en Bob fell ober en went to de bottom lak a cannon ball.

De naix time dey tried to start 'im off Bob's knee's wuz so warbly dey would't hole 'im up, en he jis fell ober widdout tekin' a step. He knowed fum de hoot owl's call dat his time hed come, en he hed to die, so his spirit wuz broke, en he'd done gib up. He know'd nuthin' couldn' sabe 'im arter de owl done hollered.

Dey stood 'im up en started 'im off ergin, but ev'y time dey turn loose Bob 'ud fall ober en roll down de creek bank.

Bob wuz so shuck up dat he couldn' stan' up on level groun' mus' less on a tight rope. Lawd! dem wuz turrible times fer ole Bob!

Whin de Ku-Kluxes seed dat he hed gib' out, dey took 'im back in de woods en laid 'im flat uv 'is back, en dey all got aroun' 'im en say right low en ghos'ly: "Prepar' to die."

Bob groan en say: "Or Lawd!"

Dey call it out ergin, dis time ghos'lier den befo': "Prepar' to die!" Jis den de owl hollered ergin, en Bob groan en 'gun to gittin' hisse'f ready to gib up de ghos', kase he know'd de owl hed come fer 'im.

De Ku-Kluxes call ergin: "Prepar' to die," en dey took 'im up en carried 'im en stood 'im up wid 'is back to a big sycamo' tree.

Den dey call out mighty fierce en sneery: "Dis black race got to rise," en Bob felt hisse'f



bein' drawed up in de tree. Whin he got mos' to de top, dey let 'im hang in de air fer a little while, den dey let 'im down, en dey call out ergin: "Dis black race got to rise up." Dem wuz de ve'y wuds Bob hed used in 'is speeches, en hit made 'im trimble whin he hyeard em. Dey drawed 'im up ergin en let 'im hang in de air. Bob wuz so skyeard he'd done los' heart, kase he know'd dey wuz goin' to pay 'im back fer 'is big talk.

Whilst he wuz hangin' dar, one uv de Ku-Kluxes whut wuz de Cap'n, come to de front en called out right deep en slow: "*He mus' be hung by de naik fum a sycamo' tree, en de crows en rabens shall feed upon his bones; for so sayeth de lord-high-ruler er de great high Muck-a-mucks.*"

By dis time Bob hed kinder got 'is senses back, en hit give 'im a turrible feelin' when dey say de crows en rabens shall feed on 'im; he could almos' feel dey long bills tearin' out 'is flesh, en he 'gun to groanin' en car'vin' on might'ly, beggin' 'em to let 'im off dis time en gib 'im one mo' chance, en dat ef dey would, he'd wuck fer 'em en do anything fer 'em en lib lak a gintmun en a Christian.

Dey sorter listen' to 'im when he 'gun to talkin' dat way, en dey tell 'im dar's jis one



" Bob sho' hed a turrible time "



thing dat can sabe 'im. Bob tell 'em fer Gawd's sake to let 'im know whut it is quick, en put 'im out uv 'is misery. Den dey made 'im swar a turrible swar dat he wan' runnin' fer de legislater, en dat he nebber would make no mo' speeches or run fer nuthin' else ez long ez he libbed.

De oath dey made 'im swar would er skyeard Ole Nick hisse'f. Bob say uv all de awful swar wuds, dey wuz wusser'n any he ebber hyeard.

En dey tell 'im ef ebber dey hyar uv 'im brekin' dat oath dat dey'll hang 'im naix time sho'.

So wid dat dey let 'im down on de groun', en dey gave a cu'ous rattlin' soun' en disappeared.

Bob turned up at home 'bout sundown de naix day mighty bruised en wo' out, en dar his troubles begin' ergin. Ole Minervy hed done got herse'f in a awful tantrum 'bout Bob stayin' out de night befo' en comin' home in sich a fix. She thought co's he hed been drinkin' en hed got in a row or sump'n nur, en she blessed 'im out right en lef'. Bob sho' hed a turrible time 'twixt 'Nervy en de Ku-Kluxes, en whin she pitched in to 'im so en walled dem big white eyes at 'im I spec's de ole man wuz sorry de Ku-Kluxes didn't kill 'im.

Well, de naix day he come out in de pape en 'nounce dat he hed drawed out fum de race fer de legislater, owin' to 'is health en business intrus' not permitten' uv it.

I tell you, fokes wuz mighty 'sprised en 'stonished when dey read' dat 'nouncement, en dey didn' know whut to mek uv it.

Dey thought Brer Bob wuz in mighty fine health; but he 'splained to 'em dat he hed a little tech er rheumatism de other night.

Bob was so broke up fum dat night, en so hoa'se fum de wettin' dat he hed in Big Creek, dat he couldn' eben lead in pra'r at de 'vival meetin', mus' les mek speeches lak he been doin'.

So dat wuz de las' eber wuz hyeard uv Bob Pann'l or any other nigger runnin' fer de legislater in Hale County.

You see it hed done got out 'bout Bob's 'sper'unce wid de Ku-Kluxes dat night, en dat wuz polertics ernuff fer de niggers.

I don' know who tole it on Bob, kase he wuz mighty techous 'bout it, less'n hit wuz ole Minervy 'is wife. He hed to let on to her, kase he knowed she wan' gwine gib 'im no peace 'twell she fin' out whut he'd been up to dat night, en he know'd he might ez well out wid de truff en be done wid it. Hit sho' did

go hard wid 'im to tell 'er, kase Bob wuz a proud nigger.

En I spec's Minervy jis couldn't keep it to herse'f. You know some women is boun' to talk, en ef dey ain' got nobody else to scan'lize, dey'll talk 'bout dey own fam'ly ruther'n to keep quiet.

Po' ole Bob. He sho' is hed some hard trials.



## **Bob's Hard Trials**





## BOB'S HARD TRIALS

ARTER Bob stop runnin' fer de legislater, he got in a mighty bad way.

He hed been a mighty fine gard'ner, and was mekin' plenty er money, 'fo' he went inter dem polertics, but whin he got to goin' 'roun' mekin' speeches he couldn' come down so low ez to wuck gyardens; so dar it 'twuz: he wuz out uv polertics, he wuz out uv wuck, en he wuz out uv money, en Minervy, she wuz so out uv patience wid 'im dat she didn' gib 'im a minnit's peace day or night.

Things wuz so bad dat Bob got mighty down in de mouf en tuck to drink. Ev'y cent he could git 'is han's on he'd spen' fer licker, en nearly ev'y night he'd come home drunk, en jis car'y on turrible.

So he kept on gittin' wusser en wusser 'twell Minervy wuz jis plum beside herse'f.

One night he come home wuss off den ebber. He stumbled in de do' so drunk he couldn' hardly stan' up. Minervy wuz jis outdone, en she made up 'er min' she wuz gwine cyor 'im dat night fer good en all ef de Lawd 'ud give 'er strank to do it.

So arter ole Bob went to sleep, she sewed 'im up in a stout ozenbug sheet, en when he 'gun to sober up a little to'des mawnin', she tuck down de cowhide fum off de wall en wo' 'im out. Bob hollered en moaned en groaned wid de pain er de licks, but he couldn' move a han' or a foot to he'p hisse'f. Beggin' fer mussy didn' do no good, en he jes hed to lay dar en stan' it.

Well, Minervy, she laid it on 'twell she got 'im ez sober ez a elder; den she kept it up a little longer, jes to impress it on him, I spec's, en den she jined in wid some tongue lashes whut wuz 'bout ez sharp ez de cowhide.

Arter she'd done dressed 'im off to a finish, she tell 'im she gwine leab 'im sewed up in de sheet until he came into his right min' en made it up to her satisfaction 'bout dat whisky business.

Dat wuz sho' a smart trick uv ole 'Nervy's. He! he! he!

She sho' fixed ole Bob dat night. Hit wuz mos' smart ez Miss Mouse could er done. Dat 'twuz.

Ole Bob lay dar en moan, en 'twan' long 'fo' he wuz ready to tell Sis 'Nervy dat he hed made up his min' to let whisky alone.

But 'Nervy tell 'im dat she reckon a little

res' 'ud do 'im good, en she gwine leab 'im dar awhile longer to think ober 'is sins, en to thank de Lawd fer havin' sich a good dootiful wife.

I ain' seed either ole Bob or Sis Nervy all day, so jist 'fo' sundown I 'low I gwine step roun' to see whut de matter.

I knock on de do', en Minervy ax me in. I tell her I jist step't roun' to see how she wuz gettin' on, dat I been wond'rin' all day 'bout not seein' her or Bob on de street en hit bein' Saddy, too.

She say: "I'se much erbleegt to you, Miss Mouse, fer comin' roun'. I'se hed a little business at home whut's kept me pretty close to-day, en my job ain' quite finished yit."

I wuz wond'rin' whut it could er been, en arter awhile I ax how wuz Brer Bob.

She say: "He ain' been so well lately, but he took some mighty strong medicine las' night en I spec's hit'll cyor 'im, do he feels a little pain ev'y now en den in 'is limbs en back yit."

When she say dat, I hyeard a kinder low groan fum ober 'bout de baid.

Minervy say it come fum ole Nero under de house; but I looked ober dat way en I see a gret big white roll on de baid kinder riggling

'bout e'vy now en den, en dar beside it wuz a cowhide.

Minervy see me tekin' it all in, en she say:

"Dat's a roll uv feathers, Miss Mouse. I jis been whippin' de dust out'n 'em wid dis cowhide."

I hed done tek de whole thing in, en 'twuz all I could do to ac' mannerly en ten' lak I didn' know nuthin'. But Lawd! Sis Minervy's trick hed pleased me so I hed to git up en go so ez I could have my laugh out. I wuz dat tickled wid de ole lady's smartness I couldn't keep my face straight long 'nuff to say good-by.

When I wuz gwine off I holler back en say: "I bet dem feathers ain' gwine nebber need ernudder beatin' up whin you gits through wid 'em, Sis Minervy!" En I jis hed to run so ez to git behine a tree 'fo' I busted out. Den I sot down on de ground en laughed twell I wuz right weak en empty.

Well, suh, dat wuz de las' uv Bob's spreeds, en arter dat night he couldn' bar de sight uv whisky. When anybody 'ud say anything 'bout lickin', you could see cole chills runnin all ober him, en he'd twis' roun' lak he felt pains in his limbs and back. Dat sho' wuz fine medicine dat Minervy gib 'im dat night, en twuz so powerful he ain' nebber needed no mo'.

Lawd naw, ole Bob couldn' bar de sight or de tas'e uv whisky arter dat night, en hit done him good all ober. He went to wuck ergin en wuz mighty well behaved en' specterful fum dat time on.

But he wuz mighty troubled in his min' count er Miss Mouse knowin' bout how 'is wife done doctored 'im dat night, en he wuz skyeart to deff fer fear I'd tell it aroun' en de folks 'ud lose respec' fer 'im! Dey hed done run 'im so 'bout de way de Ku-Kluxes done 'im, dat it hed made 'im right shy, en he wuz feared ef dis tale got out on 'im he'd lose 'is standing in de 'munerty altogedder.

So he come to see me one day lookin' mighty oneasy en actin mighty 'fectionate lak he thought mo' uv Miss Mouse den all de res er de wurl put togedder. I knowed sum'n wuz up, kase I allers notice dat's de way dey do when dey's trying to git you to do 'em a faver, en I made up my min' mighty quick dat I wuz gwine mek sump'n out'n dat job.

Well, arter beatin' bout de bush fer awhile en lookin' mighty sheepish, he say he come to ax me not to say nuthin' 'bout dat little accident whut happened a few nights ago, dat he'd turned ober a new leaf, en dat he spected to git 'ligion ergin at de next 'stracted meetin en

be a deacon in de chu'ch, en hit wouldn' nebber do fer sich a tale ez dat to git out on 'im, kase hit 'ud ruin his prospec's.

I jis looked right ser'us, en ain' sayin nuthin'. Hit sho' wuz pitiful to see de ole man so anxious bout 'is repertation, en beggin lak a baby fer me not to tell on 'im.

Den I tells 'im dat de reason I ain' told on him befo' dis, I wuz jis waitin' to see ef he wuz gwine settle dat little note he give me some time ago, en ef he did I wan' gwine say nuthin 'bout dat little performance uv 'Nervy's, do it wuz mos' too good to keep, en if he didn't, well, I reckon I'd git de money's worth in fun out'n hit anyhow, so twouldn' mek no diff'rence.

So Bob he paid de money on de note mighty quick, en I tuck it roun' en gib it to Suk en Reuben to buy sump'n fer de chillun. Dey hed been blessed wid a good sight uv 'em since dey wuz mar'ed, en dey wuz mighty proud on 'em, do it wuz all dey could do to feed 'em en keep 'em cyvered up.

Lawd, yas! Dey wuz welcome to de money, but I wouldn't er tuck nuthin fer de pleasure uv gettin' away wid ole Bob 'bout dat note.

## **Plantation Songs**





## Plantation Songs

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### SWING LOW, SWEET CHARRIYUT

Swing low, sweet charriyut,  
Swing low, sweet charriyut,  
Gwine to ride to meet my Lawd,  
Gwine to ride to meet my Lawd.

Gwine to reach de gre't white place,  
See Mars Jesus face to face,  
Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
Gwine to ride dem hebbenly streets,  
Gwine to kiss sweet Jesus' feets,  
Swing low, sweet charriyut.

Swing low, sweet charriyut, etc.

Bro Gabul's trump en Aaron's rod,  
Sproutin' in Marse Jesus' yard,  
Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
'Simmons rip'nin' ev'ywhere,  
'Possums hangin' in de air,  
Swing low, sweet charriyut.

Gole en silber all aroun',  
Chick'ns roos' right on de groun',  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
Watermilliyuns free to all,  
Ever' size, bofe gret en small,  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.

Banjos pickin', jewsharps zoonin',  
All de hebbenly ban' a-chunin',  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
Sing en shout bofe night en day,  
Stop jis long ernuff to pray,  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.

Cum fer me, Lawd, en I will go,  
But mek me fus ez white ez snow,  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
Cum cyar me home en lemme res'  
Dis po' ole haid on Jesus' breas',  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.

Dis worl' uv sin I wants to leab,  
De anguls sing en do not grieve,  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.  
I wan's to jine 'em han' by han',  
En nebber leab dat blessed lan',  
    Swing low, sweet charriyut.

## 'POSSUM TIME BREAKDOWN

Or—'possum time is a mighty fine time,  
S'lute yo' pardners, honey;  
Better den a nickel, en better den a dime,  
Make you feel so funny.

Or—'possum stew is de bes' uv stew,  
Pull-de-root right down de middle;  
Make you so happy you don' know whut to do,  
Or you better keep time to de fiddle.

Or—'possum meat is rich an' sweet,  
Double-shuffle up to yo' lady;  
De Lawd he made it, en it can't be beat,  
Or black gal, I lak to be yo' stedly.

Or—de 'simmons dey hang fum de top uv de  
tree,  
Cut de pigeon-wing, an' don' look aroun' you:  
En de 'possum he wink en he grin at me,  
Or I'll ketch you Mr. 'Possum, I'll be boun'you.

Or—de fros' done sweeten de little yaller yams,  
Dog short, step out, Miss Nancy;  
An' de 'possum he grin as he come a-floatin'  
down  
In gravy en taters to yo' fancy.

## BOB WHITE'S SONG

Bob—Bob—White !  
You is a pretty sight,  
    You set on a hick'ry lim',  
En sing wid all yo' might.

Bob—Bob—White .  
You think you mighty bright,  
    You talkin' mighty sassy,  
But cher head's pretty light.

Bob—Bob—White !  
You call in de night,  
    You lookin' powerful righteous  
But cher don' lib right .

Bob—Bob—White !  
Loves a good fight,  
    When Lady Bob whips 'im,  
He's a very sad fright.

Bob—Bob—White !  
Say yo' prayers to-night,  
    Ef you don't, Ole Nick'll ketch you  
In a mighty bad plight.

Lis'en to dat Bob White callin'  
Fum de woods de live long day.  
Mus hab somethin' on 'is mine  
Dat he's tryin' hard to say.

Won' nobody stop en he'p 'im,  
Lis'en to 'is little tale,  
Do' he keeps on callin', callin'  
Fum de lonely wooded vale.

Maybe he has los' his lady,  
En gits lonesome in de night,  
En is tryin' hard to fine 'er,  
Callin': "Come home, Mrs. White."

Some say whin de earth gits thirsty,  
Needin' mighty bad a rain,  
Dat de Bob Whites sing to ease 'er,  
En mek 'er fergit de burnin' pain.

Dis yeah dar's mo' er dem pesky rascals  
Dan I ebber hyeard befo';  
En dis ebberlastin' callin' means  
Sump'n gwine happ'n sho'.

Hit seems lak dey jis tryin' deysebs,  
Keepin' up sich a racket,  
I spec's its cause dey's all so proud  
Uv dey new spring hat en jacket.

I nebber is know'd dem Bob White birds  
To holler en carry on so.  
Mebbe de worl's comin' to a een,  
En dey's tryin' to let us know.

Marse Jesus he'p me to be ready to go,  
He'p me to watch en pray,  
En hole out cher han' en cyar me home,  
On de las gre't Jedgemen' Day.

Lawd bless my sole! Jis lis'en at me,  
Gittin' 'ligion en sayin' my prayers,  
All 'long er dem sassy Bob White birds,  
Dat give deysebs sich airs.

Lemme git up fum hyar en go to wuck,  
Stop foolin' 'long wid dem things.  
But it seems lak I allers has to stop en lis'en  
When one er dem Bob Whites sings.

## COTTON-PICKING SONG

Ef I don' marry Miss Susan gal,  
Ain' go' marry nobody.

Sow those seeds,  
Seeds all rotton;  
Sow those seeds,  
Seeds all rotton.  
Ef I don' marry Miss Susan gal,  
Ain' go' marry nobody.

Pick that cotton,  
Seeds all rotton;  
Pick that cotton,  
Seeds all rotton.  
Ef I don' marry Miss Susan gal,  
Ain' go' marry nobody.

Pull that cawn,  
Cawn all rotton;  
Pull that cawn,  
Cawn all rotton.  
Ef I don' marry Miss Susan gal,  
Ain' go' marry nobody.



## PHILOSOPHY OF PATTIDGE HUNTIN'

When de win's breff fus gits chilly  
En de leaves is turnin' red,  
En de hazy Injun summer  
Draps down fum overhead.

When de fiel's is full er bloom-sage,  
En de grapes en nuts is ripe,  
When fum out de wood's deep covers  
Comes a bird's soft whirrin' pipe.

Now's de time to go a-huntin'  
While de pattidges am young;  
Now tune yo' gun fer singin'—  
Ain't no better music sung.

Now tell de dogs to steady  
Dar! dey's found a covy! Hold!  
Now: "How-on!" Whir! whir! Bang! bang!  
See 'em fall lak draps er gold!

Ain't dey pretty? Sof' ez satin,  
Speckled lak de evenin' sky,  
Breas' so sof' en creamy tender,  
Hit's 'mos' a sin dey had to die.

Po' little wings now lifeless folded  
On de wounded bleedin' breas';  
Po' little bird done lef its playmates,  
Little bird's soul done gone to res'.

Stop yo' foolin'. Bag 'em, hurry!  
Another covy! That's the thing,  
Dar ain' no sin in pattidge shootin'  
Ef you allers shoots 'em on de wing.



## GO 'LONG, CINDY GAL

Hello, Cindy! Whut cher about?  
De debil gwine to ketch you  
Ef you don' look out.  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

Hello, Cindy! Whar you gwine?  
Don'cher let dat yaller nigger  
Fool you wid 'is lyin'.  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

Miss Cindy gal got a mighty bright eye,  
Step so light  
An' head so high;  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

Hello, Cindy! A-switchin' down de road,  
Petticoat rattlin lak a  
Sun-dried go'd.  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

So Miss Cindy, dress so fine,  
Gimme yo' heart  
En I'll gib you mine.  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

Dah, Miss Cindy, I done see you smile—  
Little gal, I'se lubbed you  
All dis while.  
Ole Cindy gal! Ole Cindy gal!  
Go 'long, Cindy gal!

CAN'T KEEP-A DAT GAL FUM A-GOIN'  
DOWNTOWN

You may be a high stepper,  
You not as hot as pepper,  
But you can't keep-a dis worl' fum  
    A-turnin' roun',  
You can't keep-a dat gal fum  
    A-goin' downtown.

You may be as rich as cream  
En drive a fo'-mule team  
But you can't keep-a dis worl' fum  
    A-turnin' roun'  
You can't keep-a dat gal fum  
    A-goin' downtown.

You may be a reader en a writer,  
You may be a mighty fighter,  
But you can't keep-a dis worl' fum  
    A-turnin' roun',  
You can't keep-a dat gal fum  
    A-goin' downtown.

You may be a slick coon greaser,  
Your name it may be Cæsar

But you can't keep-a dis worl' fum  
A-turnin' roun',  
You can't keep-a dat gal fum  
A-goin' downtown.



### MAKE-A CINDY 'HAVE HERSE'F

My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.  
Cindy in de parlor,  
Widout a light,  
Ev'ybody know now  
Dat ain' right;  
My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.

Coosha green,  
Watermilon ripe,  
Ev'ybody know now  
Dat ain' right;  
My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.

Went downtown  
On Saddy night,  
Ev'ybody know now  
Dat ain' right;  
My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.

Met a big nigger  
En had a fight,  
Ev'ybody know now  
Dat ain' right;  
My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.

Cindy gal  
She is a sight,  
Ev'ybody know now  
Dat ain' right;  
My mamma make-a Cindy 'have herse'f.



## HARD TIMES

Times gittin' hard,  
Money am gittin' skace;  
Soon ez I sell my cotton en cawn,  
Boun' to leave dis place.

White fokes go to de college,  
Niggers go to de fiel';  
White fokes learn to read en write,  
Niggers learn to steal.

Times gittin' hard,  
    Money am gittin' skace;  
Soon ez I sell my cotton en cawn,  
    Boun' to leave dis place.

Our father in Washington,  
    Great is the name;  
Thy kingdom come, big bass drum  
    High, low, jack an' the game.

Times gittin' hard,  
    Money gittin' skace;  
Soon ez I sell my cotton en cawn,  
    Boun' to leave dis place.



### ASH-CAKE AND BUTTERMILK

White fokes dress in satin,  
    White fokes dress in silk,  
But de thing dat fits a nigger  
    Am ash-cake en buttermilk.

De meal it mus' be fresh en sweet,  
    Groun' in a watermill,  
Fum good ole Injun corn whut's growed  
    In Marser's low-groun fiel'.

De water mus' come fum de spring,  
Hit gibs de sweetes' flaver,  
En ef you cook dat cake jis right  
Hit sho' will be a staver.

Now mix dat water, salt en meal,  
Into a good stiff dough,  
An' stir roun' wid bofe han's  
Untwell de batter looks des so.

Den make yo' cakes en smooove 'em down,  
En pat 'em on de haid,  
Now lay 'em down en cyver 'em up  
In a red hot ashy baid.

When dey's brown, en done all through,  
Dey'll need a nice cole baff,  
An' when de ashes is all washed off,  
Dem cakes'll make you laugh.

Now git cher a glass er fresh buttermilk,  
Jis poured up fum de churnin',  
Den you'll feel hebben a-floatin' roun',  
En you won't want money or learnin'.



## OLE TIME INJUN PUDD'N

Who made dat pudd'n fer dinner to-day?  
Ain' nobody made 't but me, dat's so.  
Say you think it's mighty fine? En *whut am  
de name?*  
Lawd, lissen at dat? Axin whut any chile  
orter know.

Whar is you come fum anyhow, Mistis?  
Ain' cher got no aijercashun or raisin' ertall?  
Dat cher nebber seed a Injun pudd'n befo'?  
Dat's one er de fus' princerpuls, long wid  
Aberham, en Isaac, en Paul.

Mistis tell me she gwine hab some mighty fine  
comp'ny  
Dat come fum some fur away lan',  
En she think dey mought 'joy one er my  
pudd'ns,  
En she want me to try my "bes' han'."

Co's I'll tell you jis how to mek 'em,  
Kase you sholy is purty en sweet;  
But I specs you mus' lib 'mong dem furriners,  
In co's dey don hab nuthin fitten to eat.

Wal, I teks a nice mejum size cup  
Er cawn-meal, sweet en fresh fum de mill,  
En I meks a nice smooove creamy mush,  
Adds some butter en stirs wid a will.

Nex', six yelks en three whites beat up light,  
A ha'f cup er sugar whip in,  
Add a cup er de bes' home-made 'lasses,  
De fines' am our own ribbon cane.

Den a wineglass er sperrits, ole en strong,  
En some dried awange peel chop't up fine,  
Den de thing whut meks yo' lips smak,  
Some er Marser's bes' "Ole Muscadine."

Dat's whut gibbs hit dat bright rich color,  
Now stir in yo' mush smooth ez cream,  
Den add all yo' spices en cinnermon,  
Mistis says dat de flaver's a dream.

Now a cup er sweet milk, mos'ly cream,  
Add, en beat all togedder quite light,  
Den bake in a mod'rate hot oven.  
Take a peep! Dar yo' puddn's all right.

Jis ez shaky en light ez de snow flakes,  
Jis de right creamy brown to a T,

En smellin' lak pareldise roses,  
Sent down fum de hebbently tree.

Tek it out, but cher got to be keerful,  
'Twouldn't nebber do fer 't to fall;  
Now add yo' merran on de top,  
En let de stobe kiss it, dat's all.

Whin you see it blush kinder shy lak,  
Rich en ruddy 'neath de fire's warm breff,  
Tek it out, hit's jis about ready,  
Any mo' en 't would be kissed to deff.

Now mekin' de merran's mighty 'tickler.  
Beat three whites till you see 'em stan alone,  
Add three tablespoons er white sugar,  
Den some flav'rin' to gib a high tone.

You mus' sen' to de table hot en steamin',  
En serbe wid whip't cream thick en light,  
Fer dis am de ole Southun fashion,  
En hit's de onlies' one dat's right.

You'se welcome, Mistis, 'tain' no faver,  
I done tell you jis de way,  
But dar ain' no lan' fer Injun pudd'ns  
Cep de South, I hyar 'em say.

You has to be bawn en riz to it,  
En you has to lib right in de lan'  
Whar de cawn en de 'lasses am growin',  
Or you nebber will hab de "bes' han'."



## NIGGER AN' WHITE MAN

Nigger en white man  
Playin' seb'en up;  
Nigger won de money,  
But de white man picked it up.

Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it  
hard?

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, so hard.

Nigger walk, de white man ride,  
Ain't it hard, my honey?  
Nigger wuck en mek de crop,  
White man spend de money.

Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it  
hard?

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, so hard.

Nigger up at fus' brek er day,  
White man layin' in de baid;  
Nigger run while de white man res',  
But de white man keep ahead.

Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it  
hard?

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, so hard.

Nigger wuck de melon patch,  
His sweat fall on de vine,  
De white man eat de melon up,  
Nigger git de rhine.

Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it  
hard?

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, so hard.

Dis worl' ain' no nigger worl',  
Dat you can plainly see;  
But dar's jis one thing b'longs to him—  
Dat's de 'possum in de tree.

Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! ain't it hard, ain't it  
hard?

Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy, so hard.

## YOU SHALL BE FREE

Went across another man's fiel',  
Black snake bit me on my heel,  
Turn roun' to do my bés'  
Fell right back in a hornets' nes'.

(Recitative) O, they stung me!

CHORUS:

You shall be free  
When de good Lawd set you free.

Rooster an' nigger had a fight,  
Rooster knocked de nigger out er sight;  
Nigger tol' de rooster, "Dat'll be all  
right,  
Meet cher at de hen house to-morrow  
night.

(Recitative) Wid a croker sack!

CHORUS:

You shall be free  
When de good Lawd set you free.

De gun say boo!  
Hog say bip!  
Nigger jumped on 'im  
Wid all his grip.

(Recitative) Gittin' his pork chops!

## CHORUS:

You shall be free  
When de good Lawd set you free.



## THE BLACK RACE

We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.  
We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.

We all are black,  
We know it's a fac',  
But you cannot keep  
Dis black race back,  
Do thyself no harm.

We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.  
We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.

Come all you niggers,  
Shoulder de wheel,  
An' help dis black race  
Up de hill.  
Do thyself no harm.

We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.  
We all are here,  
We all are here,  
Do thyself no harm.



## ANGEL, HOLD DE WAY

Some er dese mawnins,  
Bright en fair,  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'—  
Go' hitch on my wings  
En try de air,  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.

Angel, hold de way !  
Hold de way !  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.



Hold de way!  
Hold de way!  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.

Some er dese nights,  
When de moon fall down,  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'—  
Go' git in de ship  
En sail all roun'.  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.

Angel hold de way!  
Hold de way!  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.  
Hold de way!  
Hold de way!  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'—

Go' meet my Jesus  
In de storm,  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'—  
Go' fly roun' wid Him  
Orm in orm,  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.

Angel hold de way!  
Hold de way!  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.

Hold de way !  
Hold de way !  
I'm go' leave dis sin trial worl'.



## ELDER

Hello, Elder, you orter been there,  
Elder.

Hello, Elder, you orter been there,  
Elder.

Or Lawd, Elder, you orter been there,  
Hear dat sinner man make dat prayer.  
He prayed one prayer, en he made one moan,  
He prayed one prayer, en he made one moan.  
Thought my Lawd wuz gon' take 'im home,  
Elder.

Went up on de mountain, prayed to the cloud,  
Elder.

Went up on de mountain, prayed to the cloud,  
Elder.

Holy Ghos' tole him not to pray too loud,  
Elder.

Holy Ghos' tole him not to pray too loud,  
Elder.

Went down de hill fell on my knee,  
Elder.

Went down de hill fell on my knee,  
Elder.

Ask my Lawd to have mussy on me,  
Elder.

Ask my Lawd to have mussy on me,  
Elder.

Watch dat sun, how stiddy she run,  
Elder.

Watch dat sun, how stiddy she run,  
Elder.

Don' let 'er cetch you wid yo' work undone,  
Elder.

Don' let 'er cetch you wid yo' work undone,  
Elder.

Hello, Elder, etc.

Ha ! Or sinner, tell yo' terminations,

Ha ! Or sinner, tell yo' terminations.

Or sinner ! hell is a-sinkin' deeper,

Or sinner ! hell is a-sinkin' deeper,

Or sinner, hebbin is a-goin' up higher,

Or sinner, hebbin is a-goin' up higher;

Ha ! Or sinner, tell yo' terminations,

Ha ! Or sinner tell yo' terminations.

Or sinner, sorry fer to tell you,  
Or sinner, sorry fer to tell you,  
Or sinner, goin' away to leave you,  
Or sinner, goin' away to leave you.  
Ha ! Or sinner tell yo' terminations,  
Ha ! Or sinner, tell yo' terminations.



## STAN' ON DE ROCK

Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.  
Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.

Better min', my mother,  
How you walk on de cross;  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.  
Ef yo' right foot slip,  
Yo' soul 'll be los',  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.

CHORUS—Stan' on de rock.

Come along, Moses,  
An' don' git los',  
Stan' on de rock a little longer;  
Stretch out cher rod  
En come on cross,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.

De stream am red  
Wid de runnin' blood,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer;  
De chillun went cross,  
For de Lawd sent 'em wud,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.

Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.  
Stan' on de rock,  
Stan' on de rock a little longer.



### "GOIN' TO JUDGEMENT."

Got to go to judgemen',  
Got to go to judgemen',  
By myse'f,  
By myse'f,  
By myse'f, Lawd,

Got to go to judgemen'  
By myse'f.

I got a mother settin' in heaven,  
Got to go to judgemen', Lawd  
By myse'f.

I got a father settin' in heaven,  
Got to go to judgemen', Lawd  
By myse'f.

My ole mother, she died a-shoutin',  
Got to go to judgemen', Lawd  
By myse'f.

My ole father, he died a-shoutin',  
Got to go to judgemen', Lawd  
By myse'f.

All my sisters, they died a-shoutin',  
Got to go to judgemen'  
By myse'f.

When I dies, want to die a-shoutin',  
Got to go to judgemen'  
By myse'f.

## CRY IT—O DEATH

Cry it—O death ! O death !  
Cry it—O death ! O death !  
How shall I go with you ?  
Cry it—O Lawd ! O Lawd !  
Cry it—O Lawd ! O Lawd !  
How shall I go with you ?

When I was a sinner,  
I love my distan well ;  
I lived here all my lifetime  
But to make my bed in hell.

Cry it—O death ! O death !  
Cry it—O death ! O death !  
How shall I go with you ?  
Cry it—O Lawd ! O Lawd !  
Cry it—O Lawd ! O Lawd !  
How shall I go with you ?



## IN MY HEART

There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'  
In my heart,  
In my heart,  
There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'  
In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
    There's a prayer wheel a-burnin'  
In my heart.

There's a little song a-singin'  
    In my heart,  
    In my heart,  
There's a little song a-singin'  
    In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
    There's a little song a-singin'  
In my heart.

There's a golden bell a-ringin'  
    In my heart,  
    In my heart,  
There's a golden bell a-ringin'  
    In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
    There's a golden bell a-ringin'  
In my heart.



## IN OLD ALABAMA

There's a precious stream a-flowin'  
In my heart,  
In my heart,  
There's a precious stream a-flowin'  
In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
There's a precious stream a-flowin'  
In my heart.

There's a little breeze a-blowin'  
In my heart,  
In my heart,  
There's a little breeze a-blowin'  
In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
There's a little breeze a-blowin'  
In my heart.

I can hear my Saviour walkin'  
In my heart,  
In my heart,  
I can hear my Saviour walkin'  
In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
I can hear my Saviour walkin'  
In my heart.

I can hear de prophets talkin'  
In my heart,  
In my heart,  
I can hear de prophets talkin'  
In my heart.

In my heart,  
In my heart,  
I can hear de prophets talkin'  
In my heart.



### FREE AT LAS'

Free at las' !  
Free at las' !  
Thank Gawd A'mighty  
I'm free at las'.

Never did feel so good befo',  
Thank Gawd A'mighty  
I'm free at las'.

When Jesus wash my sins away,  
 Thank Gawd A'mighty  
 I'm free at las'.

Lawd, when I went down de hill to pray,  
 Seen ole Satan a-steppin' dat way.  
 Whut cher reckon he said to me?  
 Yo' Jesus dead en yo' Gawd gone away.  
 I helt up my head en prayed a little prayer,  
 Den I look all roun', en he wan' nowhere.  
 I'm so glad my soul is free,  
 For Gawd has bought my liberty.

Free at las' !  
 Free at las' !  
 Thank Gawd A'mighty  
 I'm free at las'.



## THE GOSPEL TRAIN

That gospel train is a-comin',  
 I hear it by de soun',  
 O! get yo' ticket ready,  
 For de sun is a-goin' down.

*There - get ready  
 for the train*

Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Dar's room for many mo'.

Dar's Aberham en Jacob,  
En all de prophets, too,  
All frien's of Chris' are all on bo'd,  
O ! what a heavenly crew !

Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Dar's room for many mo'.

I hear de bells an' whistle  
A-comin' roun' dat curve,  
King Jesus is a-runnin'  
Dat train right through dis worl'.

## IN OLD ALABAMA

Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Get on bo'd,  
Little children,  
Dar's room for many mo'.



## OLE ARK'S A-MOVIN'

Ole ark's a-movin',  
Movin', movin',  
Ole ark's a-movin',  
I'm goin' home.

'Way down yonder in Jordan's stream  
I heard a baby cryin',  
I been redeemed.

Ole ark's a-movin',  
Movin', movin',  
Ole ark's a-movin',  
I'm goin' home.

Farewell, baby,  
I'll see you agin  
Whenever I leave dis worl' uv sin.

Ole ark's a-movin',  
Movin', movin',  
Ole ark's a-movin',  
I'm goin' home.



#### UNTIL I REACH MY HOME

Whar you gwine, angel,  
Wid yo' wings all dipped in gol'?  
"I'm huntin' free salvation  
For some po' dyin' soul."

Until I reach my home,  
Until I reach my home,  
I nebber spec to gib de journey over,  
Until I reach my home.

Some say give me silver,  
Some say give me gol',  
But I say give me glory  
Mo' precious to my soul.

Until I reach my home,  
Until I reach my home,  
    I nebber spec' to gib de journey over,  
Until I reach my home.

I'm goin' to pray so long,  
I'm goin' to pray so long,  
For de Holy Bible tell me,  
Gwine to meet cher on half way groun'.

Until I reach my home, etc.



## WHEN DE FUS' TRUMPET SOUN'

Whar shall I be when de fus' trumpet soun'?  
    Whar shall I be when it soun' so loud?  
    Soun' so loud till it wake up de daid,  
Or whar shall I be when it soun'?

Moses died in de days of ole,  
    Whar shall I be when it soun'?

Buried in de mountains, so I'm tol',  
Whar shall I be when it soun'?

CHORUS.

De worl' was 'stroyed by de water, de fire nex'  
time,  
Whar shall I be when it soun' ?  
De prophets show it by de rainbow sign,  
Whar shall I be when it soun' ?

CHORUS.



## GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A SILVER CLOUD

I got my breas'plate on my breas',  
When I pull it off,  
Gonter be at res'—  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.



I got my slippers on my feet,  
Prepared to walk  
De heavenly street—  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

I've got my shiel' on my orm,  
De devil in hell  
Can't do me no horm—  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

I've got my sword in my han',  
When I pull it off, be in  
Promus lan'—  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben,  
I'm goin' to hebben on a silver cloud.

## WHO GO' DRIVE DE CHARIOT?

Who go drive de chariot?  
Mary go' drive de chariot.  
Who go' drive de chariot?  
Mary go' drive de chariot;  
You can't drive de chariot.  
Who go' drive de chariot?  
Give it to Mary;  
You can't drive de chariot,  
Give it to Mary;  
Ef Mary can't drive de chariot,  
Give it to Marthy;  
Ef Marthy can't drive it,  
Give it to Saul;  
Ef Saul can't drive it,  
Give it to David;  
Ef David can't drive it,  
Give it to Jacob;  
Ef Jacob can't drive it,  
Give it to Lija;  
Ef Lija can't drive it,  
Give it to Lisha;  
Ef Lisha can't drive it,  
Give it to Peter;  
Ef Peter can't drive it,  
Give it to Solomon;

Ef Solomon can't drive it,  
Give it to Daniel;  
Ef Daniel can't drive it,  
Give it to John;  
Ef John can't drive it,  
Give it to Moses;  
Ef Moses can't drive it,  
Give it to Jesus.  
Who gon' drive de chariot?  
Jesus gon' drive de chariot.  
Who gon' drive de chariot?  
Jesus gon' drive it;  
Jesus gon' drive de chariot.



### OR LAWD! LAWD! LAWD!

Or yonder come my Lawd!  
Or yonder come my Lawd!  
Or yonder come my Lawd!  
    Comin' on de cloud.  
    Comin' on de cloud.  
Rainbow 'bove his haid, O Lawd,  
Rainbow 'bove his haid,  
Bible under his orm, O Lawd,  
Bible under his orm,

Hymbook in his han', O Lawd,  
Hymbook in his han',  
Comin' to judge dis worl', O Lawd,  
Comin' to judge dis worl'.

'Way there, de Bible in 'is han',  
'Way there, de Bible in 'is han',  
'Way there, de Bible in 'is han'.  
He's a mighty readin' Lawd.

Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
He's gone give dat sinner death.

I said I wou'dn' tell nobody,  
I said I wou'dn' tell nobody,  
I said I wou'dn' tell nobody,  
Lawd, I ain' no tell-tale man.



## A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER

I have a letter from my brother  
Over the sea, over the sea;  
I have a letter from my brother  
Over the sea.

## IN OLD ALABAMA

In that letter things so gran',  
Over the sea, over the sea;  
In that letter things so gran',  
Over the sea.

In that letter things you orter see,  
Over the sea, over the sea;  
In that letter things you orter see,  
Over the sea.

It is written by my brother,  
Over the sea, over the sea;  
It is written by my brother,  
Over the sea.

Written by my elder brother,  
Over the sea, over the sea;  
Written by my elder brother,  
Over the sea.



## WHUT MY SOUL IS GOIN' TO DO

Or Lawd!  
Whut my soul is goin' to do!  
Or Lawd!  
Whut my soul is goin' to do.

When I was a sinner, jes' lak you,  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do?  
I fas' en pray till I come throu',  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.

Sayin'—Or Lawd!  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do,  
Sayin'—Or Lawd!  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.

When I was a seeker, jes' lak you,  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.  
My head got wet in the midnight dew,  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.

Sayin'—Or Lawd!  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do,  
Sayin'—Or Lawd!  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.

The very minute you believe,  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.  
The Holy Spirit you receive,  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do.

Sayin'—Or Lawd!  
    Whut my soul is goin' to do,

Sayin'—Or Lawd !

Whut my soul is goin' to do.

Or that sun is goin' down,

Or that sun is goin' down,

Or that sun is goin' down,

Behin' de western hill.

Never to rise no mo',

Never to rise no mo',

Never to rise no mo',

Settin' sun, set no mo'.

Gone to carry de news,

Gone to carry de news,

Gone to carry de news,

I wonder what de sinner go' do.

Farewell, sinner man,

Farewell, sinner man,

Farewell, sinner man,

He's go give dat sinner death.

Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,

Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,

Or Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,

He's gone give dat sinner death.

## DECIPLES HAVE NO HOME

My mother's goin' a journey,

I believe.

My mother's goin' a journey,

I believe.

My mother's goin' a journey,

I believe—

Deciples have no home.

Ole Satan has 'im a ole huntin' dog,

Hunt all roun' my do' ;

But Jesus Chris' my bodyguard

Go' send 'im back below.

My mother's goin' a journey, etc.

I hyeard de owl holler in de daid uv night,

Lit right on my bed ;

I hyeard a mighty rumblin' like Jordan's roll

Fer to carry home de dead.

Turn over, sinner, en face the wall,

Shet yo' eyes en pray ;

Angel done come fer to carry you home,

Jesus gwine light up de way.



My mother's goin' a journey,  
I believe.

My mother's goin' a journey,  
I believe.

My mother's goin' a journey,  
I believe—

Deciples have no home.



### 'WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY

'Way down in the valley,  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way.

When I'm a lonely,  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way.

'Way down in the valley,  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way.

When I'm a-weepin',  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way.

'Way down in the valley,  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way.

When I'm a-dyin',  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me the way,  
Show me the way, Lawd,  
Show me how to watch an' pray.



## WRITTEN DOWN MY NAME

I believe it,  
Written down my name.  
I believe it,  
Written down my name.  
On de lan' book,  
Written down my name.

## IN OLD ALABAMA

In de heaven,  
    Written down my name.  
In de heaven,  
    Written down my name.

Rise, mo'ners, rise,  
    Don' be ashame,  
Jesus Christ de overseer,  
    Written down yo' name.

I believe it,  
    Written down yo' name.  
I believe it,  
    Written down yo' name.  
On de lan' book,  
    Written down yo' name,  
In de heaven,  
    Written down yo' name.  
In de heaven,  
    Written down yo' name.

I hear dem bells a-ringin',  
    Time for all to go.  
De heavenly breckfus' ready,  
    On de heavenly sho'.

I believe it,  
    Written down my name.  
I believe it,  
    Written down my name.  
On de lan' book,  
    Written down my name.  
In de heaven,  
    Written down my name.  
In de heaven,  
    Written down my name.



## DE BELL DONE RUNG

Oh, wake up, man. Who are you?  
Oh, wake up, man. Who are you?  
Go and preach God's Nineva through an'  
    through.  
Live humble, humble,  
Humble yo'se'f,  
The bell done rung.

It is but the one thing grieve my mine  
To see my brother in hell confine,  
It is but the one thing darken my eye,  
Lightnin' flash an part the sky.

Wake up, Jacob, day is breakin',  
Gawd is talkin' on the mutterin' throne,  
Wake up, Jonah, whut man are you?  
Jonah says, "I'm a man of Gawd."

He stept to de ship an' paid his fare,  
The ship got rockyfied on the sea,  
The captain seems to be trouble in min',  
He search that ship from bottom to top.

Wake up, man. Who are you?  
Wake up, man. Who are you?  
Go an' preach Gawd's Nineva through an'  
through.  
Live humble, humble,  
Humble yo'se'f,  
The bell done rung.

They found Brother Jonah on board the ship,  
They cast Brother Jonah overboard,  
The whale step up an' swallered 'im whole,  
Made way over in the Egypt lan'.

Jonah prayed to Gawd for a shade over his head,  
The goad vine growd over Jonah's head,  
The sinful worm en that made a cross,  
Jonah got the glory an' the honour.

Praise King Jesus,  
Got the glory an' the honour,  
Praise the Lamb.  
Live humble, live humble,  
Humble yo'se'f,  
The bell done rung.



## PRAISE KING JESUS

Go 'long, Moses, wid yo' ups an' downs,  
Gawd gwine to meet you on gainin' groun'.  
Two tall angels come a-steppin' down,  
Come a-steppin' down  
Upon the sea of glass,  
The sea of glass all mingled wid fire,  
I'se gwine jine Gawd's hebbenly quire.  
Git ober Jordan wid yo' double terminations.  
De cherriyut wheel stricken on de twelve foundations,  
Got de glory an de honour,  
Praise King Jesus!

Go down, angel, an' chain de wheel.  
De wheel uv time,

Fer she roll no mo'  
Lak she did befo',  
En that by the tok'n uv Norah's flood.

Whin I git to hebben gwine to sing an' shout,  
No one there will turn me out.  
Whin I git to hebben gwine talk an' tell,  
Jesus hab done all things well.  
Gwine arger wid de Father en chatter wid de  
Son,  
En talk about de worl' dat I jes come from. .

Yes, I hung my ranges on de gates uv hell,  
I bid ole hell a long farewell,  
I flew 'way ober in Galilee,  
I hyeard a mighty rumblin' in Galilee,  
The angel clearin' out de cherriyut wheel.  
Cherriyut come dartin' through de new buryin'  
groun'.

Gwine sing ober me in de new buryin' groun'  
Gwine pray ober me in de new buryin' groun'.

If you wan' to git to hebben when you die,  
Stay yo' tongue fum tellin' a lie.  
Tell you, my sister, whut's de mortal fac',  
Ef you wan' to git to hebben,  
Don' cher nebber look back.  
Got de glory en de honour,  
Praise King Jesus.

# WUZ YOU DAR WHIN DEY CRUCIFIED MY LAWD?

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin dey whip't 'im up de hill?

Wuz you dar whin dey whip't 'im up de hill?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin dey nailed 'im to de cross?

Wuz you dar whin dey nailed 'im to de cross?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin dey plait de thorny crown?

Wuz you dar whin dey plait de thorny crown?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble —

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?



Wuz you dar whin de blood run down?

Wuz you dar whin de blood run down?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin de weepin' Mary moaned?

Wuz you dar whin de weepin' Mary moaned?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin dem cruel Jews reviled?

Wuz you dar whin dem cruel Jews reviled?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

Wuz you dar whin de sperrit flew away?

Wuz you dar whin de sperrit flew away?

Or—sometimes it causes me to

Trimble, trimble, trimble—

Wuz you dar whin dey crucified my Lawd?

## SOJER AWAY TO GAWD

I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,  
I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,  
I am climbin' Jacob's ladder,  
Sojer away to Gawd.

Ev'y roun' go <sup>a little</sup> higher,  
Ev'y roun' go higher,  
Ev'y roun' go higher,  
Sojer away to Gawd.

Yes, I think I'll make a sojer,  
Yes, I think I'll make a sojer,  
Yes, I think I'll make a sojer,  
Sojer away to Gawd.

Do you think you will be able?  
Do you think you will be able?  
Do you think you will be able?  
Sojer uv de cross.



## CARRIED MY LAWD AWAY

Carried my Lawd away,  
Carried my Lawd away,  
Carried my Lawd away,  
Tell me where dey've laid him.

We got de hymn book en de Bible, too,  
We got de hymn book en de Bible, too,  
We got de hymn book en de Bible, too,  
I kin read it jis good ez you.

Carried my Lawd away, etc.

Long time talkin' 'bout de wheel er time,  
Long time talkin' 'bout de wheel er time,  
Long time talkin' 'bout de wheel er time,  
My name written on Gabul's line.

Carried my Lawd away, etc.

Whut de matter wid de ship, en de ship won'  
sail?  
Whut de matter wid de ship, en de ship won'  
sail?  
Whut de matter wid de ship, en de ship won'  
sail?  
De ship got hung on Satan's tail.

Carried my Lawd away,  
Carried my Lawd away,  
Carried my Lawd away,  
Tell me where to fin' him.

DON' WANT STAY HERE NO LONGER,  
LAWD

I take-a my breaspin, bowl en shiel',  
I'm boldly marchin' throu' de fiel',  
I don' want stay here no longer, Lawd.

I'll pitch my tent on this camp groun',  
I'll shout ole Satan's kingdom down,  
It mus' come down, en it shell come down.  
I don' want stay here no longer, Lawd.

Ole Satan tole me I wuz too young to pray,  
I proved him a liar, en went my way,  
En I don' want stay here no longer, Lawd.

I met 'im in de fiel' when de sun went down,  
He come a-dancin' up, but I flung 'im on de  
groun',  
I don' want stay here no longer, Lawd.



WANT DIE LAK MY JESUS DIED

Come, my Jesus, en go with me,  
Come en go with me to Galilee,  
Or Lawdy, ain't it hard!

Or Lawdy, ain't it hard !  
Or Lawdy, ain't it hard !  
I want die lak my Jesus died.

Want hist my wings en fly home,  
Want hist my wings en fly home,  
Want hist my wings en fly home,  
Want res' by de hebbenly tree.  
Or Lawdy, ain't it hard !  
Or Lawdy, ain't it hard !  
Or Lawdy, ain't it hard !  
I want die lak my Jesus died.



### I WILL GO TO JESUS

I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
Tu'n me loose en let me go.

Ole Satan thought he had me fas',  
Tu'n me loose en let me go.  
I broke de chain, am free at las',  
Tu'n me loose en let me go.

I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
    Tu'n me loose en let me go.

I look to eas' en look to wes',  
    Tu'n me loose en let me go.  
Dis worl' ain' no place to res',  
    Tu'n me loose en let me go.

I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
I will go to Jesus,  
    Tu'n me loose en let me go.



## GOIN' TOWARD ZION

When friens en relations forsake me,  
    En trouble rolls roun' my heart,  
I'll turn my steps toward Zion,  
    Git a early mawnin' start.

I soon shall reach de bright kingdom,  
    Where parents shall no mo' complain;  
I sing farewell to sorrow,  
    I soon shall be out of pain.

I know I am weak an' unworthy,  
My heart so prone to sin,  
But Jesus will meet me at Jordan  
An' lead me 'cross as I go in.

Hark! Whut is this a-comin'?  
The blood runs chilly en cole;  
De ole ship now approachin',  
Jesus callin' de roll.



## AIN' GWINE LAY MY 'LIGION DOWN

I been 'buked en I been scorned,  
I been 'buked en I been scorned,  
I been 'buked en I been scorned,  
I been been talked 'bout sho' ez you bawn.

I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down,  
I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down,  
I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down.  
Dark cloud risin', en I'm so fur fum home,  
Lawd, I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down.

Mary weeped, en Marthy moaned,  
Mary weeped, en Marthy moaned,  
Mary weeped, en Marthy moaned,  
Long los' soul you mus' be foun'.

I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down, etc;

Graveyard is my buryin' groun',  
Graveyard is my buryin' groun',  
Graveyard is my buryin' groun',  
    Lawd, I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down.

I ain' gwine lay my 'ligion down, etc.



### LAWD, I'VE SINNED

Lawd, I've sinned, I've sinned,  
    I've sinned all my way;  
Lawd, I've sinned, I've sinned,  
    I've sinned all the way.

Whut did I gain by runnin' away?  
    Nuthin' but sin en shame.  
My Father's house is boun' wid braid,  
    En I ain' got a crum' to my name.

Lawd, I've sinned, etc.



Long los' son begin to cry,  
"From folly I mus' wake,  
I see my wand'rin' wit surprise  
My heart begin to break."

Lawd, I've sinned, etc.

Father saw him up de lane,  
He knew whut he hed done;  
He kilt de calf en blowd de hawn,  
En said: "Come home, my son."

Lawd, I've sinned, etc.



### I'M GON' LAY DOWN MY LIFE FER MY LAWD

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
I'm gon' lay down my life fer my Lawd.

You may hinder me here,  
You may hinder me there,  
King Jesus in the hebbin,  
He will answer prayer.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
I'm gon' lay down my life fer my Lord.

Yes, Mark, Luke en John,  
James en John,  
Dis wuz written  
Arter dey wuz bawn.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Yes, de road mighty level,  
De road mighty dry,  
Go spread out my wings  
Gon' to fairly fly.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Yes, who's dat yonder,  
Dressed in red?  
Look lak de chillun  
Dat Moses led.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Yes, who's dat yonder,  
Dressed in white?  
Look lak de chillun  
Er de Isrulite.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Yes, who's dat yonder,  
Dressed in blue?  
Look lak de chillun  
Jis come throu'.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Yes, who's dat yonder,  
Dressed in black?  
Look lak de chillun  
Jis come back.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

You may talk about me  
Jis ez much ez you please;  
A backbitin' nigger  
Ain' no better den fleas.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Ef religion wuz a thing  
Dat money could buy;  
De rich would lib  
En de po' would die.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

But thank my Gawd,  
It is not so;  
Ef de rich don' pray  
To hell he'll go.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.



# I'M GO' LAY DOWN MY LIFE FER MY LAWD

(ANOTHER VERSION)

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,  
I'm go' lay down my life fer my Lawd.

They ain' but one train on dis track  
Run to hebben en run right back.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Hyppercrit members Gawd despise  
Always tellin' little secret lies.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Ef you wan' to fine dat hyppercrit out,  
Fus' one go to de chu'ch en shout.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.

Ev'y sence I hev been bawn  
I hev heard dat hebbenly moan.

Fer my Lawd, Lawd, Lawd, etc.



### KING EMANUEL

Oh, de win' may blow, de storm may rise,  
En I call my Jesus de King Emanuel,  
Der's none can da'nt me fum bright sho',  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.  
Manuel! Manuel! Manuel is a mighty Manuel,  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.

De day did broke, de sun did rose,  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.  
Bright mawnin' star rose in my soul,  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.  
Manuel! Manuel! Manuel is a mighty Manuel.  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.

Dar's trouble in my heart, dar's trouble in my  
min',

Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel,  
De worl' mighty hard, en de rain fall cole,

Yes, en I call my Jesus King Emanuel.  
Manuel! Manuel! Manuel is a mighty Manuel,  
Yes, en I call my Jesus de King Emanuel.



#### WHEN THE TRAIN PASS BY

When the train pass by,  
When the train pass by,  
I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Though I may be blind,  
En I cannot see,  
I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Though I may be lame,  
En I cannot walk,  
I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Though I may be deaf,  
En I cannot hear,  
    I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Though I may be rich,  
Or I may be po',  
    I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Though I may be sick,  
I'll be ready to go,  
    I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

Ef I don' git left,  
I will see you there,  
    I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

When the train pass by,  
When the train pass by,  
    I will meet you at the station  
When the train pass by.

## GOIN' HOME ON DE MAWNIN' TRAIN

My Gawd do jis whut he say,  
My Gawd do jis whut he say,  
My Gawd do jis whut he say,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.

Swing low, Chariot, en let me ride,  
Swing low, Chariot, en let me ride,  
Swing low, Chariot, en let me ride,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.

My Gawd ain' no lyin' man,  
My Gawd ain' no lyin' man,  
My Gawd ain' no lyin' man,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.

He goin' do jis whut he say,  
He goin' do jis whut he say,  
He goin' do jis whut he say,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.

Buil' my temple in de air,  
Buil' my temple in de air,  
Buil' my temple in de air,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.



Can't no liar ride dis train,  
Can't no liar ride dis train,  
Can't no liar ride dis train,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.

Got my rations fum on high,  
Got my rations fum on high,  
Got my rations fum on high,  
They gwine las' me till I die,  
I'm goin' home on de mawnin' train.



### WHO BUILT DE ARK?

Who built de ark?  
Norah! Norah!  
Whut did he build it out'n?  
Gopher wood.

Some call Norah a foolish man,  
Buildin' his ark on po' dry lan'.  
Who built de ark?  
Norah! Norah!  
Whut did he build it out'n?  
Gopher wood.

De water don' riz up de sill er de do',  
Norah didn't feel hisse'f secyo',  
Gawd tole Norah for to stiddy hisse'f,  
Gawd's gwine move this ark hisse'f.  
Tell me who built de ark?  
Beast in de cage begin to ro',  
Angel in hebben begin to moan,  
Hebben begin to move on de empty air.

Yes, de ram ho'n blowed,  
An' de chillun did shout,  
An' de chillun did shout  
Till de hour uv seben,  
De wall fell down.  
Gawd heard it in hebben,  
En he groan, en groan.

TALK—Who built de ark?

Who built de ark?  
Norah! Norah!  
Whut did he build it out 'n?  
Gopher wood.

## PULL-DE-ROOT

[Pull-de-root is one of the Southern darkys' dances. While going through the motions of "pull-de-root" they sing this song, the movements in perfect time to the words and music.]

Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin';  
Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin';  
Pull it this a-way,  
Pull it that a-way,  
Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin'.

Hog head in de pot,  
Cook-a it done,  
Whin it git done,  
Give-a me some.

Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin';  
Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin';  
Pull it this a-way,  
Pull it that a-way,  
Pull de root, chillun,  
My Jesus comin'.

Bread in de oven,  
Cook-a it done,  
Whin it git done,  
Give-a me some.

Pull de root, chillun, etc.



### PO' LI'L' SOUL

Po' li'l' soul, po' li'l' baby soul,  
Dar ain't no thing so wee an' small  
As dis li'l' curled-up pink-white ball,  
Dis li'l' new baby des now fall,  
Dis li'l' baby soul !

Po' li'l' soul, po' li'l' baby soul,  
It stretch out its han', an' it kick out its toe,  
It blink its li'l' eye 'kase de light hurt it so;  
Li'l' bit er furze whar de hair oughter grow,  
Po' li'l' baby soul !

Po' li'l' soul, po' li'l' baby soul,  
It left de baby lan' by de night-boun' train,  
Nebber gwine see dat lan' again;  
Li'l' white soul drap des lak de rain,  
Li'l' white baby soul !

Po' li'l' soul, po' li'l' baby soul,  
Cryin' des lak its li'l' heart will break;  
Li'l' breaf come an' go wid a shake,  
Li'l' tears fall in a li'l' blue lake,  
Po' li'l' baby soul !

Po' li'l' soul, po' li'l' baby soul,  
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, mammy's li'l' love,  
De worl' mighty big but de angels up above;  
Dar now ! She's goin' : Coo—des lak a li'l'  
dove,  
Mammy's li'l' cooin' li'l' baby soul !



## BLACKBERRY BLOSSOMS

Little tender snow-white blossoms,  
Bloomin' all aroun',  
Climbin' up de talles' trees,  
En runnin' on de groun'.

Look dar, baby ! Don't cher see 'em  
Peepin' throu' dey little leaves,  
Lak little snow-white stars a-hangin'  
All de fiel's wid bridal wreaves ?

See, dey grows in little clusters  
All along de vine,  
Holdin' up dey heads so straight,  
Think dey mighty fine.

When de buds is young en foolish,  
Very timid, mighty shy,  
En de sunbeams come a-courtin',  
Blush right pink, en droop dey eye.

See 'em wavin' in de breezes,  
Smilin' in dey sweetheart's kiss,  
Growin' whiter, purer, sweeter—  
Love don' nebber go amiss.

Whar de flower leaves comes tergedder,  
Grows a little feathery ruff,  
Roun' a ball er greenes' velvet,  
Little Mistis Powder Puff.

Soon de blooms will all be sleepin',  
Covered up in earth's sof' bed,  
Den we'll fin' dey've lef' my baby  
Riches' berries in dey stead.

## DE BABY'S STAR

Dar it is! Dat brightes' one,  
Yonder in dat sky,  
Shinin' on my baby chile  
Wid its winkin' eye.

Don' you spec' it sleepy,  
Stayin' up so late,  
Shinin' fer dis little chile  
To fine de sleepy gate?

Der, lemme see ef in its light  
I can see to read  
Baby's fortune in dat star—  
Brightes' ever seed!

Fust I see a puore gole ring,  
Den some di'monds, too;  
Baby gwine be as rich as cream,  
Plantations mo'n a few.

Baby's growd a gre't big girl,  
In pardy hat en gown;  
Dar's a big rich gen'leman  
'Scortin' her aroun'.

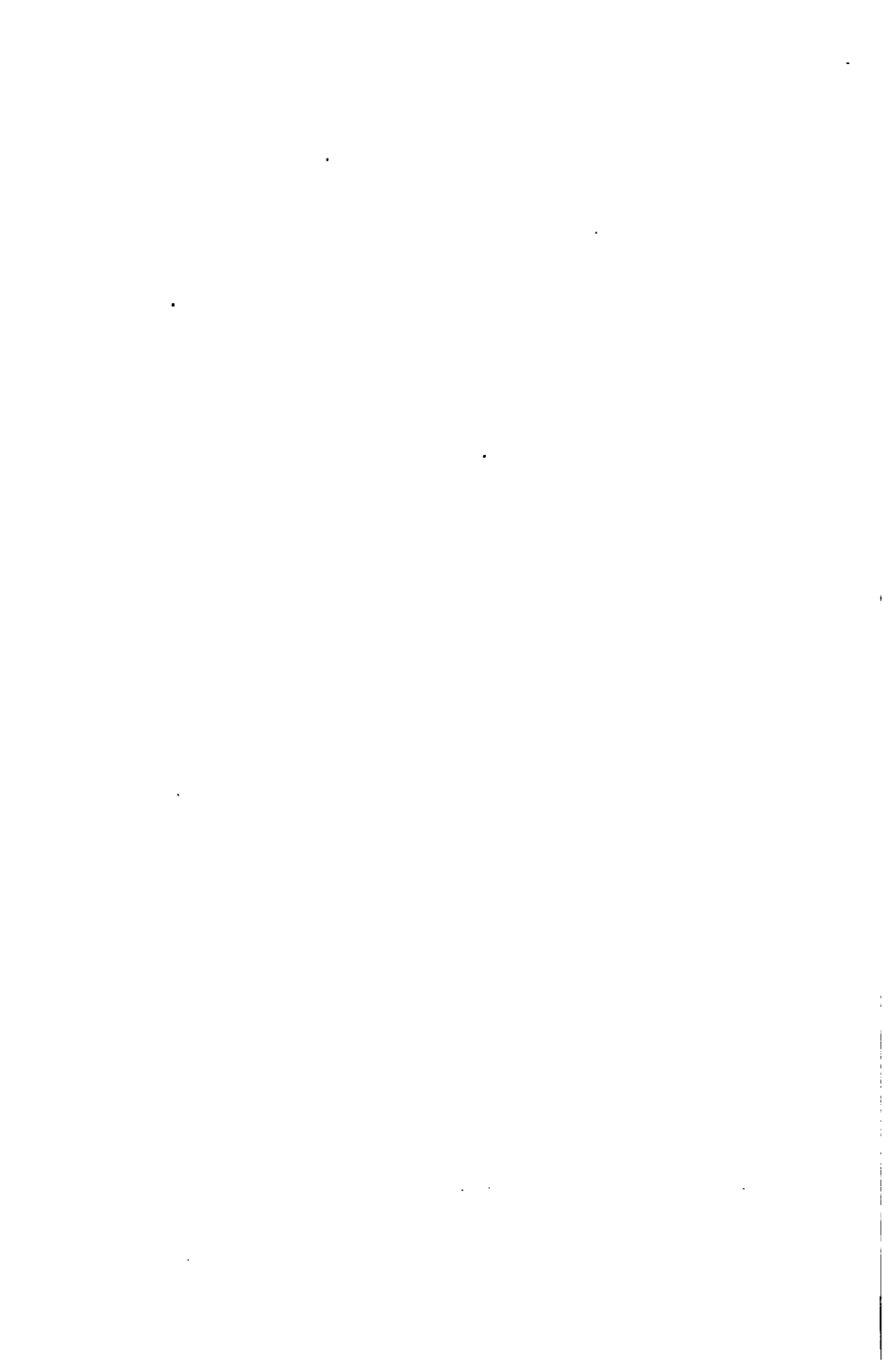
Yonder spread clean crost dat sky  
Ready 'ginst dat day;  
I see a shinin' weddin' veil,  
Dat's dat milky way !

La ! Dis baby gone to sleep,  
She's wid dat shinin' star,  
Ridin' throu' dat sleepy lan'  
In a golden car.

She dreamin' 'bout dat big rich beau  
Comin' heah some day.  
But he sha'n't hab my baby chile—  
Shu ! Ride some y'other way !

THE END



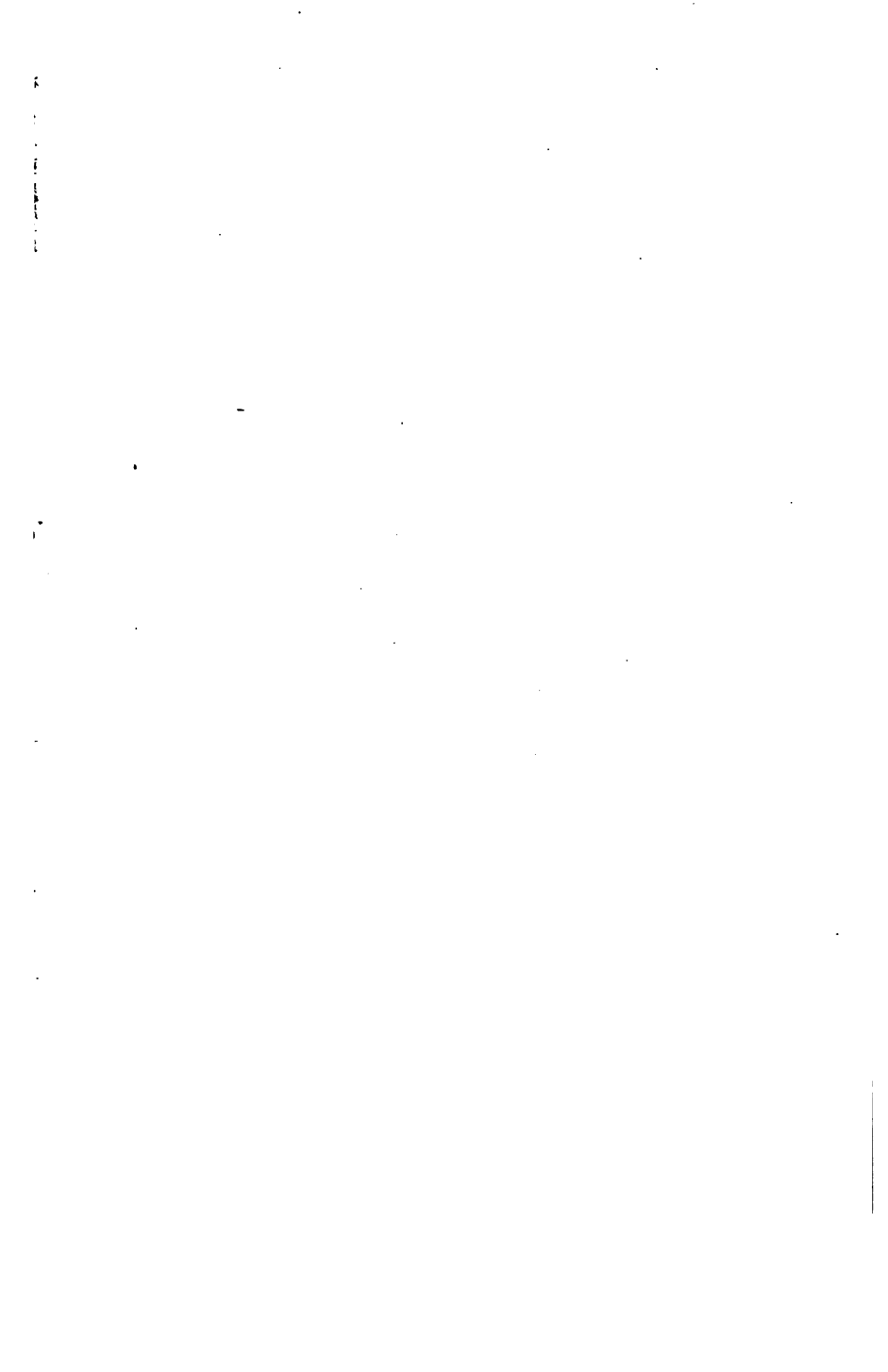














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